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NOTES.

THE fighting on the North-West frontier of India still continues. The "Times," it is true, informs us that the Orakzais have been reduced to submission; but a defeat due chiefly to superiority of weapons is apt to engender bad blood in men of courage and pride. And that these mountaineers are both proud and courageous even Mr. Curzon would scarcely care to deny. But let us suppose that the Afridis are also "brought to their senses," to use the ordinary military expression; what then? Are British soldiers to guard the Khaibar? Are we to civilise right up to the plains and make a bastion of the extremest spur of the Hindu Kush? And, above all, where is the money to come from to support this policy of frantic militarism?

At the meeting of his constituents on Monday night, Mr. George Curzon devoted a speech of two hours solely to the forward policy of the present Government. It was a curious performance, and exceedingly difficult to describe fairly; but we have dealt with it at some length in another column. Here we shall only criticise the manners of it. It began, as might have been expected, by a modest declaration that Mr. George Curzon is better fitted to speak on the subject than any one else. "For over ten years I have honestly done my best by study, by travel and by effort to master this problem of the Indian Frontier. I was in Chitral I know the country of the Afridis and the Orakzais" and so forth and so forth. Will none of his friends point out to Mr. Curzon how silly and impertinent this egoistic conceit is in a man occupying an official position? What was pardonable in the boy of ten years ago is insufferable in the man of to-day. Some one will have to apply to Mr. Curzon the criticism which Alexander von Humboldt passed on Bayard Taylor. "There has never been any one," said the great German, "who has seen so much, and read so much, and knows so little."

On Wednesday last Lord Charles Beresford made a most characteristic and most excellent speech, a speech the like of which could scarcely be heard outside Britain, full as it was of practical wisdom and rollicking good humour. We have all wondered whether a volunteer army or an army founded on a modified conscription would give the best results. Lord Charles Beresford declared in favour of the volunteer force, and adduced from personal experience some new arguments in favour of it. He said "the best fighting men in the world were those who went into the army for love of fighting, the scalliwags of society. He hoped he should not be misunderstood if he put himself down as a scalliwag. As a boy he always stole the apples while the other boys looked on, and as a young man he preferred the life of the Navy or Army to any occupation at the desk. Those were the people who made good soldiers and sailors." We shrewdly sus-

pect that Lord Charles Beresford is right; and his personal method of enforcing the argument is apt to win all sympathies. What a thing it is after all to possess a temperament and a personality! Compare for one moment Lord Charles Beresford's cheery egotism with the priggish conceit of Mr. Curzon. We note too that Lord Charles will "strenuously resist additional expenditure on the army till the public is sure of getting value for its money."

On Wednesday evening Sir Edward Clarke made a capital speech at Rotherhithe. He talked first of the struggle between the Employers' Federation and the Amalgamated Engineers' Society. Already, he said, the Engineers had spent over three-quarters of a million of money and the end was not yet in sight. "Trade Unions," he summed up, "might have gone too far of late, but during the last forty or fifty years they had been an incalculable advantage in raising the standard of subsistence among the working-men of this country." This is the ordinary view of the case, and much may be said for it; but for our part we hold that the trade unions have gone so much too far of late that a thorough defeat was necessary in order to teach them common sense. Sir E. Clarke was better worth listening to when he spoke of the work of the coming Session. "In the first place—and he put it in the first place because it would be the fulfilment of pledges long ago given—the chief part of the Session would be devoted to the project of local government for Ireland. If this only were accomplished it would make the Session illustrious, but that was not the only question. He believed a measure would be taken in hand—and none too soon—for strengthening the organization of our army, and that another which was extremely necessary would be introduced for the organization of secondary education in this country." Six months' work here that well done would make any Session "illustrious."

The welcome given to Nansen by the Royal Geographical Society was as cordial as possible; but Lieutenant Peary's reception on Monday night was something more than cordial; there was intense kindness in it and a tinge of hero-worship. This is as it should be; Lieutenant Peary is of our race and speaks our tongue and it is only fitting that we should feel more warmly to him than to a foreigner. Moreover, the desperate courage shown by Lieutenant Peary on one occasion at least is almost without parallel even in the splendid story of Arctic Exploration. And Lieutenant Peary's plan of campaign for the future is more reasonable and therefore more hopeful than any other. He intends to start from a station on Sherard Osborn fiord on the coast of Greenland. He has made arrangements to form a succession of depôts from this starting-point towards the Pole, and is prepared to give years to the accomplishment of his purpose. The curse of Arctic exploration hitherto has been that every expedition has had to begin, as it were, from the beginning unhelped

by previous effort; but this succession of depôts almost ensures success if, indeed, land or even firm ice extends to the Pole. But if as Nansen thought there is a waste of waters round the Pole, the last stage of the journey will be the most difficult and most dangerous. Still much is to be hoped from Peary's forethought, perseverance and daring.

By the way, Lieutenant Peary's "meteorite" is still on sale. Good iron ore is worth in England some 11s. a ton; metallic iron sells at about 50s. a ton; so, taking the latest statement as to weight of this "meteorite," it may be worth £250. Metallic iron is not a very valuable commodity in either England or New York; so that it appears a pity to have deprived the Greenlanders of what, according to Peary, was sent to them as an iron mine directly by Providence from the heavens. That the block is a meteorite is open to question. The Greenland basalts contain a percentage of metallic iron in what petrologists call the "interstitial groundmass" of the rock. The iron appears to owe its presence there to the reducing action of beds of carbonaceous material, with which the molten basalt came into contact. There have recently been described several instances of the segregation of the ferruginous constituents of molten rocks into great masses. It is probable that Peary's block of iron was formed in this way, and is of purely terrestrial origin. The process seems still to be going on; for the block was at first reported to weigh some forty-five tons, and the American experts who have seen it put the weight at about that amount. But on Monday evening at the Geographical Society it had grown to ninety tons.

The Navy Debate in the Reichstag has as yet developed no new features, except perhaps the "parterre of under-secretaries" of which one speaker complained. The Court Box is daily filled with the Kaiser's underlings, from the Chief of the Civil Cabinet down, whose duty it is to report to the War-Lord on the demeanour and utterances of his responsible Ministers, the result being that these unhappy men have been tumbling over each other in their anxiety to get to the tribune and expound the glories of the Navy Bill—hoping thereby to avoid the fate of Herr von Bötticher, who last session was dismissed from office for lukewarmness in this respect. On the whole, the new Ministers have done well under difficult circumstances. Admiral von Tirpitz, a bald-headed old gentleman in spectacles, with a weak voice, does not strike one as quite the sort of sea-lion who would annex China with a couple of gun-boats, but he told his story with a pleasing absence of Teutonic redundancy, and held his own under criticism in a vigorous and straightforward way that won respect. As for Von Bülow, the new Foreign Minister, he has produced a distinctly favourable impression in all quarters.

Whether or not the Reichstag will vote the new ships, it is still too soon to guess. The prospect is not so hopeless as it seemed a month ago, but it is still far from good. Kaiser William, who can be the pleasantest of men when he likes, has been very genial since the opening of the session, and has lost no opportunity of making friends among the delegates. The glorious victories at Kiao-Chau and Hayti have also had their effect—at any rate in North Germany, where the fleet is popular. The Socialists' mistake of putting up Schönlanke the Socialist and Richter the peace-at-any-price man (as if one were to leave the criticism of the Army Bill to Mr. Labouchere or Sir Wilfrid Lawson) also helped the Government. But the real decision rests with the Centre, who hold the balance and will reject the Bill unless they get their price.

The Kaiser's naval proposals will confirm the suspicion so widely entertained in England since the day of the famous letter to Kruger, that Germany is steadily preparing to measure her strength against England. The scheme is most artfully concocted, and if adopted will imply far more than appears on the surface. Ostensibly seven battleships, two large cruisers, and seven small ones are to be laid down and completed before the end of 1904. Actually, in addition to these, there will

be vessels to replace the battleships and cruisers which will have become obsolete by that date. As the life of each class of ship is fixed in the Navy Bill, we can easily calculate the number of new ships thus to be added. Five battleships and ten small cruisers will be required, making for the seven years' programme twelve battleships and nineteen cruisers, a very respectable total. Germany will actually be building faster than France built between 1891 and 1897.

Last Monday evening a man was killed at the National Sporting Club in a glove-fight of twenty rounds. The manager, referee, and other officials are now in custody, and we would not willingly say one word to increase the difficulties of their position. But we cannot help recalling how we were attacked in the so-called sporting papers some two years ago for insisting that a glove-fight to a finish—and that is practically what a contest of twenty rounds means—was more barbarous, more cruel, and more dangerous than an old-fashioned prize-fight with bare knuckles. In the prize-fight, if a man is knocked down, the round is thereby ended, and he has two minutes in which to recover from the effects of the blow; in a modern glove-fight, if a man is knocked down he has to get on his feet again and resume the contest in ten seconds, and this difference makes the fighting with gloves far severer than the fighting with fists of fifty years ago. Furthermore we showed that a blow with a four-ounce glove was just as heavy and just as punishing as a blow with the naked fist, but judges ignorant of the art are easily cozened into believing that a glove-fight under the present rules is a harmless athletic display. Perhaps they will now tardily come to their senses, and prohibit a form of sport more degrading to humanity than the Spanish bull-fight.

President McKinley's first message to Congress confirms the opinion of those who saw in him only a weak and vacillating man who by accident found his name made the battle-cry of a party. He tries to face both ways about Cuba, about Hawaii, and about the currency. Inevitably he pleases nobody, the jingoes especially being made ridiculous over the Spanish quarrel. As for Hawaii, last week's "Puck" hits off the situation by representing Uncle Sam as an elderly gentleman forced reluctantly into a "shot-gun marriage" with a lightly clad young damsel whom he has compromised, Senator Morgan standing on guard to see that the ceremony is duly performed. An 18,000,000 dollar deficit is not a brilliant start of the new era of abounding prosperity, for although it appears to compare favourably with the deficits of \$42,000,000 and \$25,000,000 which preceded it, the fact that it has occurred in the period of the rush to evade the new tariff and the first months of the tariff itself shows that worse is to come. As those who shouted for "McKinley and good times" never could be got to see, a "stone-wall tariff" can be effective only in stopping foreign imports by at the same time stopping the revenue derived from these imports. Consequently, the new administration will now have to look about for a revenue from inland taxation, a course likely to destroy what is left of its popularity.

When a nation is utterly unprepared to fight, the wisest course is to agree promptly with the enemy at the gate. China was well advised, therefore, to acquiesce promptly in the German demands. The lesson is a sharp one, and falls with exceptional severity on the Governor of Shantung, who was Governor-General designate of Szechuen, and would probably have started in a few days for his new post. The punishment is, however, thoroughly consistent with Chinese theory, which holds that a father ought to know how to govern his family, and a Governor his province, and that it is a proof of incapacity if disturbances occur.

The most remarkable feature of the affair, however, is an omission. What of the naval station which was understood to be one of the demands, and which not a few were willing to interpret as a declaration of a lien on Shantung as Germany's sphere when the great day of partition arrives? Not only is that demand

not granted according to the list of concessions, but a distinct hint of dissent is conveyed in the declaration that China will regard the recognition of any annexation of Chinese territory, without the Imperial consent, as an unfriendly act. Unless therefore Germany is prepared to insist on this concession, the dispatch of the "Deutschland," and the "Kaiserin Augusta," and the "Grefion," and marines and mountain guns, to say nothing of Admiral Prince Henry, is a work of super-erogation, everything else being settled.

Incredulity has been expressed in some quarters as to the truth of the statements regarding the French invasion of the Bahr-el-Ghazl made in our article last week on "The Crisis in the Upper Nile." The disaster to the Marchand expedition is a confirmation which will be valuable, as it will attract wider attention than news of a less sensational character. The news is probably correct, for of the four French expeditions in the basin of the Upper Nile, Marchand's was in the greatest danger. It will be remembered that he was sent up with reinforcements for Liotard, who was preparing to march eastward from Dom Zubeir to Fashoda. Some distance to the north of the French station at the former town lives the hostile Dervish tribe, the Bagara-el-Homr of southern Darfur. To protect Liotard's column from a flank attack by this tribe and its allies, Marchand was sent northward into a district which no European has entered since 1884. His force was probably small, as he was acting as outpost. His defeat and apparent retreat to Serruo, some 150 miles south of Dom Zubeir, destroy Liotard's communications along his line of advance. But the route southward up the Sueh valley and across the Niam-Niam country is probably open to him. The main French force under Liotard is in safer country, and there is no further news as to its progress.

The dispatch of a native regiment and field hospital from Bombay to Mombasa is pleasing news. It may be remembered what a good effect was produced when Lord Beaconsfield brought the Indian troops to Malta. The reminder that Sikhs can be brought to the Upper Nile *via* the ever-lengthening Mombasa railway and the Victoria Nyanza far more quickly than Zouaves can reach Fashoda *via* the Congo and the Mbomu, will no doubt have an influence in the right quarters. Part of the regiment sent to British East Africa may be needed to fill the place of the troops sent inland after the Soudanese mutiny; but there is a large margin left for the reinforcement of the Uganda garrison, and for work on the Upper Nile. That this is the real destination appears probable from the statement that some thousands of porters are being engaged for transport.

Lord Rosebery's speech to the Gimcrack Club on Tuesday was a frank and pleasant piece of autobiography. We knew beforehand that the only people who make money on the Turf are the bookmakers, but the tribulations of an owner have never been more wittily or more truthfully expounded than by the owner of Ladas. His own experience has been unique, for ~~when~~ he was First Lord of the Treasury he discovered that he could without guilt or offence own horses that ran second or third or even last, but if he happened to win a great race like the Derby it became a matter of torture to the consciences of his supporters. Poor Lord Rosebery! It is one of the ironies of our time that he of all men should have been condemned to run in leash with the Nonconformist Conscience. It is a thousand pities he was not born a Tory.

One man one vote, manhood suffrage, the franchise for women, and the second ballot are, it appears, to be the battle-cries with which the National Liberal Federation is going to win back the country for the Radicals at the next election. A little more tinkering with the electoral machine is thus the sublimest height of statesmanship to which the Radical politician can attain. The Radicals are hopelessly behind the times. No one cares a fig about one man one vote nowadays. Manhood suffrage has not achieved such beneficial results in France or in the United States as to make us wish to try it in England. Woman franchise is merely a bait to catch the votes of weak husbands who are ruled by

strong-minded wives. And the second ballot, under our present system of party politics, will make little difference one way or the other. What a pitiful spectacle it is, this of a great national party which at a moment of crisis in our national existence can conceive no other policy than one of petty electoral reform! The fate of the Empire is hanging in the balance. Our industrial supremacy is being assailed on every side. Our military system is wholly out of gear and inadequate to the defence of our Imperial interests. A score of social problems peremptorily demand solution. Yet this is all the National Liberal Federation can find for a policy.

Free Traders in these days who catch at straws, in desperate attempts to save their economic existence, are eagerly seizing on the Board of Trade Returns for November. They draw encouragement from the fact that the total exports of the month show an advance on that of November 1896, though imports are slightly less. In exports we went a-head by £1,202,717 or some six per cent.; in imports we were down £1,330,000 or three per cent. When, however, it is stated that there was one working day in 1896 less than in the present year, it will be seen that the improvement in exports really amounts to only two per cent., whilst the decline in imports is advanced to seven per cent. Is there anything in these figures which can be regarded as satisfactory? Of the increase of less than one and a quarter million sterling in exports we find that more than a quarter of a million is accounted for by coal—a product, that is, which can never be replaced. On the other hand, the decrease of imports may be accounted for by the decline in raw cotton alone—an article, that is, out of which our manufacturers would, or should, make profit. From neither imports nor exports, therefore, can any one who looks facts squarely in the face, extract comfort. For those who advocate some move in the direction of an Imperial Zollverein, the month's accounts are not without significance. Take cotton manufactures. In November 1897 foreign countries bought of Great Britain roughly one million yards more than in 1896, but British possessions bought over thirty-three million yards more. If this were the record all round, British manufacturers would have little to complain of, but notoriously it is an exception proving a rule.

If the British Government entertained any latent desire to educate the people to the truth concerning the position and prospects of British trade, they could not do better than issue official memoranda such as that just supplied by the commercial attaché to the British Embassy in Berlin. Mr. Harris Gastrell has taken the trouble to compare—or as we should prefer to put it, to contrast—British and German trade in the first nine months of the present year. The result confirms the worst suspicions. Great Britain is retrogressing as rapidly as Germany is progressing. During the nine months under review Germany exported £3,350,000 more than in 1896, whilst Great Britain exported £4,664,000 less. Nor is this movement peculiar to the present year. Germany's increase is persistent, and in such commodities as iron and iron manufactures, silk and silk goods, and wool and woollen goods, in which the exports have fallen, the drop is explained on the ground that she is supplying her home market more and more, to the exclusion of the foreigner, who is largely the Briton. For two if not for more reasons, Germany's industrial activity will have to be reckoned with in an increasing ratio. First, she is becoming less agricultural, and in proportion as her population abandons agriculture it will become industrial, and second, she is embarking on Imperial enterprises which will necessarily, at any rate at starting, lend an impetus to various trades.

If the Emperor Francis Joseph were a younger man there would be a fair chance of his getting through the present crisis, as he did through the great one of fifty years ago; but he is old and broken, and the youth who is so anxious to sit in his seat is despised even by the courtiers. Parliamentary Government is at an end in the Austrian half of the Dual Monarchy,

and in the Hungarian half, men are preparing for eventualities. The Austrian Germans have produced no man of even second or third rank in statesmanship since they were thrust out of the Bund, and yet it seems impossible, unless Vienna is to be governed by grape-shot, to go on ruling the country with Slavs or Magyars—or even with Irishmen like Count Taaffe. Tsechs, Poles, Ruthenians, Slovans, and Serbo-Croats constitute a large and increasing majority, and the Germans have suddenly gone mad with fear at the prospect. If the two elements were left to themselves they might come to some sort of federal arrangement that would tide over the difficulty, but each has got a "big brother," and the danger really lies in the action of Russia or of Germany in defence of her kin.

The new Bishop of Stepney, Dr. Winnington Ingram, is already justifying his promotion. His recent suggestion that the curates who complain of being unable to find work at home should serve for a term of years in the mission field—which wants men badly—seems well enough for the younger clerical out-of-works. But as we understand the curates' main grievance, it is on the older men, mostly married, that the present system presses most hardly: and when a man has come to middle age, or near it, and has others dependent on him, the mission field does not appear suitable.

Bishop Ingram is a man of singularly winning personality, with much power of plain forcible speech, and the greater gift of ready sympathy. He has been in the habit of lecturing in the open air, in Victoria Park, cheek by jowl with Mormons, Secularists, and Salvationists, on Sunday afternoons during the summer months; and he submits to questions and discussion afterwards with unflinching good humour and very considerable effect. We have little doubt that as he is still a young man, there will be another translation from Stepney ere long.

We understand that the Parliamentary Committee of the London County Council have prepared a bill for introduction next Session, empowering the Council to construct tramways across Westminster Bridge and along the Embankment to Blackfriars. This is a revival of an old scheme, which was thrown out by Parliament some years ago. We trust that it will meet with a similar fate this time. It is a common reproach against democratic authorities that they are intensely utilitarian and care nothing for the æsthetic side of things. The plan in question certainly bears out that reproach.

We hear with regret that the Committee on Old Age Pensions are to make a virtually negative report, condemning every scheme which has been laid before them without suggesting any of their own. The composition of the Committee certainly pointed to this result. We do not say that the Government deliberately planned to get the matter shelved; but we rather fancy that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will accept the outcome of the Committee's labours with the patience born of hope fulfilled. The Government will probably find that present convenience has been purchased at too heavy a price; for if there was one proposal more than another that figured in the addresses of Unionist candidates in 1895, it was that of Old Age Pensions. It was, indeed, almost the only constructive item on which they agreed.

Who on earth is "Lord" Monckton? None but peers sign without the addition of initials or a "front" name. In Scotland at any rate there is a law expressly forbidding it: and certainly very rigid usage and custom forbid it in England. And yet an advertisement has been in the papers during the past week headed "Davies, Mayor" and signed "Monckton." Probably in imitation of this silly practice which of recent years has obtained in the City of London, others in similar positions are now beginning to do the same. It reminds us of that dear Mayoress of a Northern city who was trying to officiate properly when her Majesty was performing an opening ceremony. At the conclusion a Visitors' Book was produced which the Queen signed "Victoria." Next came Princess Henry of Battenberg who signed "Beatrice, P." The Mayoress signed "Elizabeth!"

MR. CURZON AT CROSBY.

MR. CURZON'S contribution at Great Crosby to the Indian Frontier question does not at all advance matters. He went over old ground, repeated the usual arguments, and left the real root of the matter, that is to say, the financial difficulty, untouched. The fact that he has marched in Chitral, and looked in at the Amir's capital in Kabul, seems to have led Mr. Curzon to believe that he is entitled to speak with all the knowledge and the weight of an expert. He sees before him the "panorama of the serried mountains," the "deep ravines," the "intrepid defenders of their native glens," the "whole blooming show," in his poetic words; but the Indian villages struggling with famine, the income-tax collector on his rounds, the cattle craving for salt, which at the present rate of the salt duty cannot be allowed them, the poverty-stricken masses of the great Indian peninsula, groaning and travailing together, have remained outside the field of his vision. If, as Mr. Curzon claims, the fact of having been to a country gives to a man a greater sense of perspective, and enables him to focus objects in clearer and more distinct relations, it is strange that he should have wholly failed to see what, to the homely wits of home-staying statesmen, is so painfully and obviously apparent. There are two great and distinct elements in this question, and with only one of them have Mr. Curzon's travels beyond the frontier made him, as it seems, at all familiar. The serried mountains and ravines beyond the Indus are all very well, but what of the plains and the people of India? Invasion may be a danger to guard against; but what of insurrection? The sense of perspective would appear to have failed him here; and if it is permissible to tender advice to so travelled and informed a statesman, we should be disposed to recommend to him a second journey—not beyond but within the Frontier—and intimate intercourse with natives of India of all classes, with the view of ascertaining how the policy which he favours strikes them, and how they like being called upon to bear the cost of it. Let him see, when next he travels to India, less of soldiers and a little more of its civil administration.

In one respect, however, Mr. Curzon makes a fair point. It is not the Conservative party only, he contends, which has encouraged the Government of India in its excursions of late years beyond its north-western frontier. It was a Liberal Government, he points out, that in 1885 first sent a mission to Chitral. It was a Liberal Government that in 1893 sanctioned a British officer and escort being stationed in Chitral. The practical annexation of the Zhob and adjoining valleys, it might have been added, were approved by a Liberal as well as by a Conservative Government. The Liberals, in fact, have coquetted with the forward policy so long as it was not attended with complications, and have refused to prosecute it only when they found themselves floundering among the consequences of their action. It is this insincerity on the part of the Liberals which greatly weakens at the present moment the force of their remonstrances. The fact is that the whole series of measures undertaken of late years which have had for their aim the so-called extension of our political frontier to regions far beyond the Indus has had the encouragement of both the great parties alike. But the Conservatives may at least claim to have had the courage of their convictions. If their policy landed them in conflict or in costly warfare, they have accepted it as inseparable from their projects, and as in no way disproving the expediency of them. Whereas, as soon as the Liberals drew fire, they hastened to shelter themselves behind the ramparts thrown up for them by Lord Lawrence, and to scuttle back, as it might seem, ignominiously, to the shelter which they should never have quitted. Hence their indignation at the present moment has the note of insincerity, and few can be found to accept seriously their diatribes. The whole question has passed into a new phase since the delimitation of the Russo-Afghan frontier. All the arguments for pushing forward which were based on the apprehension that Russia would seize the debatable middle land have now had the bottom knocked out of them. There remains no debatable

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middle land; and whatever may have been the case in 1895 it is not therefore necessary now to maintain our military occupation of Chitral. That is the point on which the Liberals would do well to insist. The presence of a native representative of the Government of India at Chitral would, in the present circumstances, be ample security for the assertion of its claim to be accepted as the paramount power. This is all that is needed at Kabul, as we know, and it may well be contended that the importance of Chitral is secondary to that of Kabul. The presence of British political officers and British troops is certain to lead in the end to annexation. That was the dictum of the Sikh Maharaja Ranjit Singh, and it is the strenuous contention of the Amir Abdurrahman. If, as Mr. Curzon says, the present Government do not desire annexation, and if they are sincerely averse to it, there is nothing for it but to withdraw their soldiers. They need not on that account withdraw altogether. There are plenty of natives of rank and ability who are perfectly trustworthy and perfectly capable should they be sent as representatives of British authority to Chitral. Nothing is more important than to provide opportunities of suitable and honourable employment for eminent native gentlemen. We are willing enough to employ Imperial service troops beyond the frontier. Why cannot we utilise the services of Indians as political officers? No doubt there are many positions in which it would be undesirable to employ them; but if we sincerely desire to use British influence and to avoid British annexation, their employment in such a case as that of Chitral is the direction to which our endeavours should be turned. Experience has been favourable in Kabul, and the main difficulty lies in the repugnance of Indian officials to believe that any one who is not of their own colour can possibly be capable. The importance of finding honourable openings for our Indian subjects is scarcely secondary to the importance of any other consideration connected with our rule in India. There is probably nothing which so aggravates the unpopularity of British rule in India as the absolute exclusion of the upper classes of natives from the sphere of higher administration.

If, again, it is admitted—and it is difficult to see how the contrary can be maintained—that there is no longer any debatable middle land, most of the arguments for consolidating ourselves in the tribal countries also lose their chief strength. It is the more fortunate that this should be so, because, in point of fact, it is generally allowed that Indian revenues cannot possibly find the means necessary to admit of our so consolidating ourselves. Every step we now take further from the Indus makes this more apparent. Mr. Curzon's speech is valueless because he leaves this, the most essential part of his subject, entirely out of sight. He wholly omits to tell us how ways and means are to be found to carry out the policy he advocates. One thing is certain, the further we leave India behind us, the more discontented is the India we leave. The more we advance beyond our base the more insecure is that base rendered. We drag at each remove a lengthening financial chain.

THE COST AND THE EFFICIENCY OF OUR ARMY.—I.

A LETTER reached me a day or two ago, asking me to explain concisely "how the money voted by Parliament for the Army is disgracefully wasted, and what crying need there is for economy. Surely," the writer exclaimed, "our army is by far the most costly in the world and the least efficient." These questions fairly represent a widespread belief about the army, and may well be taken as a starting-point for an examination of the present situation. Yet a categorical answer to them would most likely mislead the reader. The British Army certainly costs more for its size than any other. But when we come to use the terms "efficiency" and "economy," it is well to be exact, for the misuse of these words has a good deal to answer for in the way of bad administration.

Whenever in recent years any portion of the British Army has had to fight, it has fought remarkably well. In Afghanistan, in Egypt, in the Soudan, on the road

to Chitral, and in the rugged mountains of Tirah, the British soldier has shown fine qualities, and the British officer, especially the young British officer, has led the way in a fashion that commands my unbounded admiration. There is probably no body of men in the world more scrupulously exact in the expenditure of the money entrusted to them than the officers and officials of the British Army, and there is no more complicated organization anywhere than that which has been devised by the ingenuity of the Treasury to guarantee that every sixpence voted by Parliament for any purpose in connexion with the Army shall be spent for the specific purpose for which it was voted and for no other. If "economy" could improve an army, the British Army would have been perfect long ago; but by "economy," chiefly by "economy," it has been crippled in its most vital part. The Treasury assumes that the British officer is not to be trusted out of its sight. It supposes that he has neither judgment nor honesty, and dogs him like a felon throughout his career. It sits by his side interfering at every line while he makes his estimate, and then it ties this estimate round his neck like a millstone. The consequence is that no part of the estimates represents the unadulterated military judgment, but every item is an amalgam in which the soldier's common sense is lost in the wisdom of a Treasury clerk who knows nothing about war. By this system military common sense has been crushed out, till it is hard to find. But the system has for many years been "efficient," in the sense that it has satisfied the House of Commons, has found occupation for the series of eminent politicians who have been Secretaries of State "for War," and has enabled each party when in office to take credit for having reduced or increased the Army Estimates according to their belief that reduction or increase would gain them votes. This is, beyond doubt, the real end which the votes for so many millions in the shape of Army Estimates, Supplementary Estimates, and Military Loans are intended to serve, and, as they serve their purpose, who can say that the Army is not "efficient" for the purpose for which it exists?

But an army and navy should be regarded as the weapons of a Government for the defence of its rights. Is it not evident that, in so far as this use of an army or a navy is concerned, the British nation has no need of either, having no rights which it cares to defend? This has been clear enough for years past, but has been made palpable by the recent transactions on the Niger, where the French have invaded what we all believe to be an area rightfully British. A Government that meant to defend British rights would last spring have insisted on the French officers being ordered, by the French Government, out of the British sphere of influence, or would have seen either the French or the British navy at the bottom of the sea. If the nation means to have its rights defended, the indispensable first step is to reform, not the army, but the Government. A Government which, having been supplied with a navy as big as it thought needful, cannot or will not use that weapon when the occasion arises can neither make nor use an army. Not that it is desirable that the present set of ministers should embark upon a war. Heaven forbid! The defence of a nation's rights needs at the head of affairs men in deadly earnest, like Bismarck and Moltke. But Great Britain just now has none but triflers in power. While the European Powers are considering whether they will combine against England, and while the Army is in the condition explained by Mr. Arnold Forster in the "Times," Lord Salisbury can think of nothing better to do than pulling to pieces the London County Council. Mr. Balfour's one achievement for the Army is that in 1895, when the Duke of Cambridge retired, he rearranged the War Office, so as to put the Commander-in-Chief into a strait waistcoat, and to make the Secretary of State the real military head of the Army. Lord Lansdowne, in the autumn of 1896, explained his conviction that the equality between the number of battalions at home and the number of battalions abroad ought to be restored. But when the session of 1897 came, his convictions were forgotten, and he accepted a compromise the foolishness of which has now been admitted. Lord Wolseley accepted the office he now holds, though it

was shorn of its proper authority. He agreed to Lord Lansdowne's compromise, and allowed a letter bearing his signature to be read to the House of Commons, expressing his gratitude for half a loaf, although a few months later he explained at Glasgow that the compromise could never be satisfactory. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach thinks it wrong to give more money to the army until a better result can be shown for the money already granted. This is a sound conviction. If Sir Michael Hicks-Beach would stand to his belief, and Lord Wolseley would stand to his, we should have a good army; for the Commander-in-Chief would be compelled to show the necessity, for the work of national defence, of the military force which he demands; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would then be ready to grant the necessary funds. The controversy between them would be threshed out in the Cabinet until an organization had been devised combining efficiency in the sense of fitness for its purpose (war), with economy in the sense of providing, without extravagance, for all necessary uses. In this discussion the Cabinet would arrive at a clear understanding of the principles of British defence, by which is meant the application of force for the maintenance of British rights.

In the use of force there are two processes. You must parry the enemy's blows, and you must also strike him in the right place until he cries, "Hold, enough!" No defence (assertion of your rights) is successful unless both these functions, which are covered by the terms defensive and offensive warfare, are performed.

Great Britain's defensive weapon is the Navy. So long as the navy is unbroken no dangerous blow can be struck against her, and the only points at which serious incursions can be made into her territories while the navy is unbeaten are the frontiers of India and of Canada, which in special cases might require local defensive armies. If the power of her navy should ever be broken, Great Britain and all her Empire will be at the enemy's mercy, and no kind of army can then avail her except to prove by a desperate resistance that her citizens can die like men. For a defect of any kind in the navy, no perfection in the army will compensate.

How is the offensive element to be provided? There are three ways in which this has been done in previous British wars. 1. The enemy's fleet having been destroyed or driven off the sea, his maritime trade has been stopped. This is a function of the navy. 2. The navy and the army have jointly attacked his colonies. 3. A small British army has sometimes, after complete naval victory, assisted continental armies in the destruction of the hostile continental army. The constraint placed upon a civilised Power by exclusion from maritime trade has always been severe. To every civilized nation maritime trade is now tenfold more important than at the time of the last great war. This form of constraint, therefore, if after the foolish declaration of Paris it can still be effectually exercised, will be more galling than ever. The effect of the seizure of colonies or distant places may be very great, because a nation beaten at sea is powerless to defend them. Even in the case of Russia, supposing her naval force beaten, the occupation of a part of her Pacific seaboard would be serious; she could not prevent it except by a counterstroke, for which there is no place but the Indian frontier, and so long as Afghanistan remains independent, this counterstroke would be both slow and difficult. The invasion of the home territories of a first-rate Power would require, in order to be effective, a large army of the best quality or the co-operation of a military ally of the first order.

SPENSER WILKINSON.

THE DREYFUS AFFAIR.

Paris, Wednesday Night.

SINCE Monday night, when I arrived here, I have been practically living in an atmosphere of melodrama. I feel as if I had been allowed to witness the rehearsals of several apparently disconnected acts of a startling play by four or five different dramatists—as happens now and again in France. That these acts will eventually constitute a most complex and amazing tragi-comedy, I feel sure. One thing is very certain: the affair will not be allowed to drop. The quiet but

ostensibly firm assertions of those who would wave the matter into oblivion will no longer answer. On the other hand, we have the bold and confident statements of such men as M. Bernard Lazare, the young and sympathetic author, whose pamphlet first caused the Dreyfus case to be reopened. I saw him on Tuesday morning; and he does not vapour. "In three months from to-day," said M. Lazare, "Captain Alfred Dreyfus will be in Paris, a free man. Nothing can save Esterhazy from being tried by a Council of War. The subterfuge of a *nolle prosequi* by the investigating judge is not possible. Such a decision would bring in its wake the fall of the Ministry; but this would be the least consequence. Notwithstanding all you have been told, the letter is the only document on which Dreyfus was convicted, and that letter will be found not to have been written by him. It would not do to put much faith in the testimony of experts, but a comparison of the document in question with the half-hundred or more epistles in the same handwriting already in possession of the military authorities can leave no doubt as to the authorship. It will require no special training to establish that fact." And then M. Lazare went on to give me particulars of Dreyfus's arrest and provisional incarceration which even I, who am well acquainted with French criminal procedure, had difficulty in believing. Similar incidents produced on the stage of the Porte St. Martin or the Ambigu Comique would unquestionably arouse the temper of the audiences, which as a rule are not more critical than those of our own houses devoted to melodrama. I will refer to some of these incidents directly, but would first of all deal with another story. How did the letter, supposed to have been written by Dreyfus, fall into the hands of the Intelligence or Detective Department of the French War Office? At an early stage of the revelations (two years after the trial), it was stated that the paper was abstracted from the pocket of a foreign (German?) Ambassador. The theory was, however, absolutely untenable, inasmuch as the paper reached the War Office torn into four, some say into sixteen, fragments. Some other tale had to be invented, for it could not be seriously maintained that an Ambassador, however careless, would carry upon his person the proof of his secret communication with a French officer, and that he would tear such a document to pieces, while still retaining possession of it.

The divulgers of the "secret," having become aware that their own imagination was insufficient, had recourse to the inventive power of Felix Pyat, known to us as the author of "The Rag Picker of Paris." It was next ascertained that in the beginning of '94—I am quoting the divulgers of the "secret"—the main points of the mobilisation scheme and defence of the frontier had been communicated to outsiders; the detectives then set their wits to work and, disguised as rag-pickers, made a successful effort to get hold of the waste-paper of the German Embassy.

Now, strange as it all may seem, there is probably a substratum of truth in the tale. "But," as General du Barail said to me yesterday morning, "this would at once prove that the document was of no earthly value." General du Barail, I may remind the reader, was one of the best officers of the Second Empire, and was Minister for War during a certain period of the Third Republic; if I remember rightly, during the period of Bazaine's trial. "In fact," continued General du Barail, "all the documents that were promised in the incriminating letter, contain so many *secrets de Polichinelle*. In the event of a war there could not be the slightest hesitation as to the point of concentration on our line of frontier. As for the other matters mentioned in the letter, it does not need an officer of the General Staff to be 'posted up' in them. In the first place, you have only to look *par terre*"—he meant at the territory itself—"to be certain what would be done in the event of an outbreak of hostilities; in the second place, the contents of the promised documents are, if not wholly, at any rate partly, known to every commander of a division. In the provinces, where officers come together more often than in Paris, they discuss such facts almost unreservedly among themselves."

These words of the General confirm me in my opinion, expressed a fortnight ago in these columns, that there

were literally no documents to reveal, and that the writer of the letter promising such documents was merely a "farceur" in urgent want of money—which he saw no other means of obtaining than by hoaxing the German or any other Embassy. The amount must have been miserably small, for, as the late military *attaché* to the German Embassy said to a friend of mine whose name I am not permitted to divulge: "We do not fling our money about in that way. Sometimes when one of our officers has come to grief through an ill-considered marriage, and been compelled to resign his commission, we employ him to survey a foreign strategical railway, or something of the kind; but the reward is not at all princely."

Furthermore, Dreyfus was a serious man in every relation of life, not to say stern and disagreeable. Even M. Bernard Lazare, who up to the present has been prominent as one of his staunchest friends, felt bound to admit that he had not "an ingratiating character." General du Barail in the course of our conversation incidentally remarked, "From what I have been told, M. Dreyfus was not particularly liked by his brother officers." With regard to the money to be gained by the act for which he was tried and convicted, what, I ask, could a few thousand francs matter to a man enjoying an income of £1600 a year, whose wife, moreover, belongs to an exceedingly rich family? Besides, in spite of all that has been alleged, Dreyfus led a most exemplary life. The prosecution, it now leaks out, endeavoured to establish the contrary, and were compelled to abandon the theory which, as French law goes, would have supplied a powerful argument on their side. As General du Barail observed, "If dislike of the French was the motive of Dreyfus's act, there was nothing to prevent him, when he began his studies, from throwing in his lot with the Germans. 'Il pouvait opter.' These particulars are undoubtedly in Dreyfus's favour, although M. du Barail did not hint at it by so much as a syllable. The only unfavourable comment he allowed himself against any one complicated in the new development of the affair was against Mme. de Bonancy, for an accurate account of whose part in the business we shall have to wait a little while. M. du Barail, at that particular moment, reminded me of Pélissier who, as every one knows, was somewhat *soldatesque* in his expressions: "The greatest drunkard in the French army was M. de Bonancy, and his wife is not precisely a model of respectability."

Then I asked him about Commander du Paty de Clam, at whose arbitrary treatment of Dreyfus I have already hinted. Every one knows that he browbeat and bullied Dreyfus shamefully, that he constantly taunted him with his guilt from the very outset, and when his task of preliminary investigation was at an end he insisted on being present at every interview with the reporting judge. "M. du Paty de Clam is a perfectly honourable soldier," was General du Barail's answer; "I have known him from his boyhood. It was I who made his father a general, but as he had reached the 'limit of age' I made it an express condition that he should retire from the service at once. His son, as I have told you, is, in every respect, honourable, but very passionate, headstrong, and not particularly amenable to reason. He has, unfortunately, adopted in this affair the method and manner of many French judges and procureurs-généraux, in whose sight every accused is a guilty man. All this could not have happened if the trial had been conducted in open Court, and that is where the principal mistake lies. Of course, it is perfectly legal to conduct a trial in France with closed doors, but I did not see the necessity of it at the time, nor do I see it now."

I had a few moments of conversation with the Duc de Broglie yesterday morning, but I failed to penetrate to his innermost thoughts on the matter. He told me, of course, that a trial with closed doors was absolutely legal; and "as to the guilt of M. Dreyfus," he added, "as long as the judgment is not reversed, we must necessarily abide by it." Now I do not for an instant suspect the Duc de Broglie to have been prejudiced in what he said by any feeling of Anti-Semitism, but there is no question that an important element in the affair was the dislike of the Jew. I shall have something to say of this in my next letter. ALBERT D. VANDAM.

THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.

IN one or other of the annual peerage books the Most High Potent and Noble Prince the Duke of Hamilton is credited with the possession of the whole of the following dignities:—Duke of Hamilton (1643 and 1661) [these and the other attached dates are not mine, but are the dates of creation attributed by the different books], Marquess of Douglas (1633), Marquess of Hamilton (1599), Marquess of Clydesdale (1643 and 1699), Earl of Angus (1330, 1389, 1627, 1633), Earl of Arran (1503, 1643), Earl of Lanark (1639 and 1643), Earl of Selkirk (1646), Lord Hamilton (1445), Avon (1643), Polmont (1643), Machaushire (1643), Innerdale (1643), Abernethy (1633), Jedburgh Forest (1633), Daer and Shortcleuch (1646), all in the peerage of Scotland; Duke of Brandon (1711), Baron of Dutton (1711), in the peerage of Great Britain; Knight Marischal of Scotland, Hereditary Keeper of Holyrood House, Duke of Châtellhéault in France (1518 and 1552). The descent of these dignities, and the succession of the family of Douglas-Hamilton to their honours, involve more confusing and intricate considerations than any other case I can call to mind. One would hesitate to attempt any investigation were it not that, whilst the annual peerage books credit the above titles to the Duke, they none of them agree with each other. Consequently some, and probably all of the books, are wrong. I do not for a minute suppose that the Duke of Hamilton knows what his titles really are. I do not think any one could say with certainty; for even "G. E. C.," in his justly celebrated "Complete Peerage" (which, unfortunately, is not an annual book), in several cases goes no further than the expression of an opinion. To sit in the House of Lords it is only necessary (for other than elected Peers) to prove *one* peerage of either England, Great Britain, or the United Kingdom; to vote at Holyrood it is not necessary (as I hope presently to show) to *prove* any peerage at all. The Duke has probably proved his right before the Committee of Privileges to the Dukedom of Brandon, and probably to the Barony of Dutton; he is admitted (and quite rightly) to be Duke of Hamilton at Holyrood, and there, I believe, the matter rests as far as he is concerned. But that he possesses the string of honours attributed to him I deny.

In order to examine the Duke of Hamilton's right to his dignities, one must go a long way back, for the Duke is neither heir male, nor heir-of-line, nor heir general of the House of Hamilton. Sir James Hamilton, Lord of Cadzow, was created "a hereditary Lord of our Parliament" by charter, 28 June, 1445, as Lord Hamilton. This peerage, being *hereditus suis*, of course would descend, according to Scottish law, to the heir-of-line. (To those not familiar with this term, I would explain that in some cases the heir-of-line may be a female.) His grandson James, third Lord Hamilton, was created (11 August, 1503) Earl of Arran, with remainder to the *heirs male of his body*. His only son, also James (Regent of Scotland), was created Lord of the Duchy of Châtellhéault in France by patent dated 5 February, 1548, with limitation to his heirs, successors *ayants cause* for ever. (By the 4th article of the Royal Edict of Marly, 1711, this is clearly explained to be "les mâles qui en seront descendus de mâles en mâles en quelque ligne et degré que ce soit.") He was succeeded by his eldest son and heir, yet another James, who was therefore third Earl of Arran, fifth Lord Hamilton, and second Lord of the Duchy of Châtellhéault. This peer was both declared to be insane and was attainted, but the attainder was repealed. He resigned his earldom, but his resignation was subsequently reduced, so that at his death his honours passed unimpaired just as he had inherited them. But for the moment we leave him insane, and pass to his next brother, John, who, owing to his brother's insanity, was *styled* Earl of Arran in his brother's lifetime, and *as such* was created, 17 April, 1599, Marquis of Hamilton, Earl of Arran, Lord Aven, "&c.," presumably with a limitation to heirs male. ("G. E. C.," whilst not actually specifying the limitation, treats it as to heirs male. I have never known "G. E. C." wrong, so that this is probably the case, but it has been stated that the limitation was the same as with the Barony of Hamilton.) His son James, second

Marquis, was created (1619) Earl of Cambridge and Baron of Ennerdale in the peerage of England, and was created a Lord of Parliament as Lord Aberbrothwick in Scotland. Probably he at the death of his father (and certainly after the death of his insane uncle), succeeded to the earlier honours of the family, and eventually he became second Marquess of Hamilton, fifth Earl of Arran, first Earl of Cambridge, seventh Lord Hamilton, second Lord Aven, first Baron of Ennerdale, first Lord Aberbrothwick, and third Lord of the Duchy of Hamilton. He was succeeded by his son James, who was created, by patent 12 April, 1643, Duke of Hamilton, Marquess of Clydesdale, Earl of Arran and Cambridge, Lord Aven and Innerdale, with a *special remainder*, failing heirs male of his body, to his brother William and the heirs male of his body, failing which, to the eldest heir female of his own body, and the heirs male of her body bearing the name and arms of Hamilton, with a final remainder to his own legitimate heirs whatsoever.

It is under this peculiar limitation that the present Duke has rightly and properly succeeded to the Dukedom of Hamilton and its concurrent creations of 1643. There have been various resignations and re-grants which have introduced other minor titles. Space altogether prevents me from tracing the topsy-turvy proceedings which have followed. The first crucial point in the descent occurs with the death of the first Duke, who left daughters but no sons. The eldest daughter Anne became in her own right and at her father's death heir-of-line of the house of Hamilton. As such the two Baronies of Hamilton and Aberbrothwick must undoubtedly have become vested in her under their original limitations. She never claimed them at any time and they have since remained dormant. Lord William, brother of the first Duke, then became heir male, and succeeded to all other titles, &c. He died leaving daughters only, and under the peculiar limitations the 1643 creations reverted to Anne, who became in her own right Duchess of Hamilton. The heir male is in the line now represented by the Duke of Abercorn, and at the death of William, second Duke of Hamilton, the ancient Earldom of Arran (unless the original limitation had been subsequently altered) and the Lordship of the Duchy of Châtellhéault, both limited to heirs male, must have passed to James, second Earl of Abercorn and ancestor of the present Duke. To the Duchy of Châtellhéault the Dukes of Abercorn have firmly and persistently asserted their right, but as far as I am aware they have not so far put forward any claim to the Earldom of Arran. When such a fight is made for a French title, it seems strange that they should never have thought it worth while to institute proceedings before the Committee of Privileges to obtain the Scottish Earldom of Arran of the original creation.

If the Marquessate of Hamilton was limited to heirs male of the body, as "G. E. C." treats it, it must inevitably have become extinct at the death of William, second Duke of Hamilton. If not, it passed with the Baronies of Hamilton and Aberbrothwick to the heir-of-line, Anne, in her own right Duchess of Hamilton.

These Baronies (and possibly the Marquessate) consequently united again with the Dukedom, and devolved with it until the death of the eighth Duke of Hamilton in 1799, when his nephew Edward, Lord Stanley, afterwards thirteenth Earl of Derby, became heir-of-line of the first Baron Hamilton, and as such is almost universally believed to have inherited the Baronies of Hamilton and Aberbrothwick. If the Marquessate was heritable by the heir-of-line, he inherited that also. The present Lord Derby has succeeded to whatever rights the thirteenth Earl inherited, and it seems rather strange that he does not petition for these honours to be adjudged to him.

The Lordship of the Duchy of Châtellhéault, in the Kingdom of France, under the original creation, whatever this shadowy honour may amount to, it can scarcely be doubted is now vested in the Duke of Abercorn as heir male of the original grantee. Neither the past nor present Duke of Hamilton could possibly have inherited it, for if the title be demonstrated to be heritable by a female, it must by all known laws of succession have vested in 1799 in the Derby family together with the Baronies of Hamilton and Aberbrothwick.

But the extraordinary confusion of the matter is added to by the fact that in 1864 Napoleon III., by Imperial Decree, declared the last Duke of Hamilton to be Duke of Châtellhéault. As the Duchy belonged to some one else at the time, the only logical conclusion is that this decree (whether issued intentionally or in error) has erected a new Dukedom of Châtellhéault in the *Empire* of France. I have so far failed in several attempts to ascertain the wording of this decree. But it would not be far-fetched to surmise (1) that it was conferred in error, (2) that it was not then *considered* a new creation, but a *confirmation* of an old honour. In this case the decree must have ratified and established the devolution of such a dignity to and through a female. The last Duke left only one daughter, Lady Mary Douglas-Hamilton. Consequently it seems probable that she must have inherited the modern Duchy, unless some unexpected limitations are contained in the decree.

In spite of the fact that the Peerages attribute the Earldom of Selkirk to the Duke, it unquestionably is presently dormant. The first Earl of Selkirk married Anne, in her own right Duchess of Hamilton. At her request he was created Duke of Hamilton, &c., for life, and in after years he resigned his own Earldom of Selkirk in favour of his second surviving son, Charles, and his younger brothers, to whom it was regranted in 1688. In this latter patent there was a provision that if the said Charles, or *any of his brothers*, or the heirs male of their bodies, should succeed to the Dukedom of Hamilton, that in such case the Earldom of Selkirk "*semper descendet ad fratrem immediate juniorem illi qui ad titulum Ducis de Hamilton succedere contingerit et hæredibus masculis de ejus corpore; quibus deficientibus ut supra dictum est pertinebit.*" Now the whole male issue of the younger sons is extinct, and the line of the eldest son of the Earl of Selkirk is the only one remaining with male heirs. This, of course, is represented by the Duke of Hamilton. If the provision had related only to the possible succession of *the said younger brothers* to the Dukedom, no question would have arisen; but the words were merely, *any of his brothers*, which of course (I quote from the "Complete Peerage") "*includes the eldest*, William, who, and whose issue, have successively succeeded to the Dukedom of Hamilton, and who, by so doing, if this proviso be valid, are thereby excluded from inheriting the Earldom of Selkirk, &c., which dignity may possibly (in the circumstances) be held to belong to the younger brother of the last Duke who has so succeeded." Whether or not such a provision is valid it is impossible to say; the Buckhurst judgment by no means definitely settles the point. But the original intention of the Crown was very plainly to keep the Dukedom of Hamilton and the Earldom of Selkirk apart, as long as there were two separate male descendants to inherit them. Does not Mr. Percy Seymour Douglas-Hamilton feel inclined to dip his fingers in the lucky bag of the Hamilton dignities? At any rate, it is over this contention that his chance, if any, "comes in." The Barony of Daer and Shortcleuch is attached to and follows the Earldom of Selkirk. To sum it all up, of the long list of titles at the head of this article, (1) the Marquessate of Hamilton is probably extinct, (2) the Earldom of Arran (1503) has probably gone to the Duke of Abercorn, (3) the Earldom of Selkirk at any rate is dormant, (4) the Barony of Hamilton has probably gone with the Barony of Aberbrothwick to Lord Derby, (5) the Barony of Daer and Shortcleuch is dormant, (6) the Duchy of Châtellhéault in the *Kingdom* of France has probably gone to the Duke of Abercorn, (7) the Duchy of Châtellhéault in the *Empire* of France has probably gone to Lady Mary Douglas-Hamilton, and (8) I am at a loss to understand how or why the present Duke of Hamilton is either Hereditary Keeper of Holyrood House, or Knight Marischal of Scotland. X.

IN TIME OF TEMPEST.

THE village stands at the head of a sloping gap in the low sand-hills, fronting the North Sea across a margin of white beach. It is one of a dozen or so of fishing hamlets scattered along the line of coast that curves northward from Yarmouth; a coast of evil reputation, whose traditions are of storm and wreck,

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whose treacherous sands off shore are the multitudinous grave of unknown mariners, whose people have the call of the sea in their blood, inherited from generations that have lived battling with tempests and have left a record of life-saving and heroic daring unsurpassed on any part of the British coast.

They had need of all their experience and hereditary daring on the night of this last Sunday in November. The whole population along the shore were on the watch from nightfall, when the storm came up. It was just after eleven o'clock when the first distress signal (a blanket soaked in paraffin, we learned afterwards) flared through the blinding spray, and between then and morning five vessels had come ashore within six miles of coastline. It had been a night of wild hurrying from point to point in the darkness, and eight lives saved was the record so far. The day was just breaking when we stood and waited for what was to happen next.

The night had been furious, but with morning the strength of the tempest increased. There was intermittent rain, which did not fall, but seemed to sweep from horizon to horizon, like a flight of arrows, on the roaring wind. The spray and flying scud of the breaking waves, caught up by the storm, lashed our faces, stinging like the flick of whips. As the darkness began to lift we could see dimly the welter of white foam at the foot of the sand-hills. The set of tide and wind brought the fearful battery of the sea to bear sideways on the shore, making a huge semicircular sweep of its advance and retreat, and so scouring out great masses from the base of the land. It was like the swing of a scythe, the yielding sand of the cliff going down as grass falls in swathes. The gangway down which we had walked to the beach yesterday now ended abruptly at the edge of a chasm thirty feet deep, over whose lip the tossed spray from the cauldron below came in driven clouds. We knew already that, a few miles up the coast, the sea had broken a way sheer through the hills and was pouring in a cataract through the gap it had made, flooding the low country behind. The line of impact between the sea and the rising land, up and down the shore as far as the yet faint light carried, was a haze of spray, falling, rising, spouting up in great feathery masses, twisted and scattered by the wind as it rose incessantly. Beyond this were other flings of spray where wave clashed with wave, or the thunderous advance of the sea met the backward sweep of broken water, and here and there the fearful smooth back of an unbroken wave, glistening with lace and fretwork of foam as it curved over to the crash.

By this time we scarcely noticed the noise of the storm. It had stunned our senses and become an accepted thing hours ago. The universe was one great roar, steady, persistent, overwhelming. We saw a huge piece of the hill go down, carrying with it the village watch-house, but the crash of its falling could not individualise itself. There were variety and distance for the eye, but for the ear it was a single impression, so unbroken by details as to give, after one had grown accustomed to it, a curious effect of silence.

My companion was barely three yards from me. He was making a speaking-trumpet of his hands, and, by the movement of his features, was shouting at the top of his voice. I heard nothing of it. Then he pointed up the shore and began to run; and looking up I saw the coastguard and fishermen hurrying with the rocket apparatus. A few hundred yards to the north a collier brig had driven in out of the semi-darkness, and, after bumping on the outer sands, was lifted by the next sea and flung heavily aground. The crew (there were five of them and a woman) were huddled together in the bow. The first rocket fire was successful. Then one of the crew, clinging desperately to every support,—for the vessel was rolling fearfully,—crawled along, secured the rope, and went back to his mates. They hauled in about twenty fathoms of the rope and then stopped. We could see them making the line fast to the woman. Then for five minutes that seemed like hours nothing happened. The woman clung to the rigging with the rope round her; the men hung on to the rolling vessel. Had they known what to do with the rope, to haul it

in until they got the whip aboard and to make that fast, all of them might have been safe ashore. The coastguardsmen gesticulated, raved, shouted; but the people on the boat remained still. A fisherman, rather over the middle age, with quiet decision fixed a line round himself and prepared to venture out to almost certain death to get to these people and show them what to do. He walked down to the water as calmly as if he were going home to bed, and vanished in the veil of spray. Scarcely had he done so, when a sea rose behind the vessel, and in a minute it was over. The woman had a lifebuoy on, and kept on the top of the water; the others disappeared. She was hauled in as rapidly as possible, dead. Next moment an arm was seen waving in the wash of the sea. The old fisherman, who had been drawn up when the boat turned over, went down again, fought his way out, and was hauled back safely with the rescued man, unconscious but living.

This was hardly over when, the day now growing brighter, another boat was seen driving in a little further up the coast. The rocket apparatus was ready for her, when suddenly she struck the sands, bow on, and stumbled, like a tripped horse going down on its knees, kicking up at the stern. The next sea swung her round broadside to the shore. Her crew were in the rigging, and a line was fired over her. But even before it could settle, another sea had lifted her again, smashed her down upon her side, and capsized her. Not a hand was seen. The intense horror of the spectacle was heightened by the absence of all human noises. She seemed to break up by magic, to come and vanish, with that agonised waving of hands from her rigging seen for a moment, like a phantom ship. We watched the sea for a head or a lifted arm. More ropes were fired over the spot, on the chance that some hand might seize them. But nothing was seen of the crew again. For a few minutes there was tumult and a churning of white waters over where the vessel had been, then a tossing of odd timbers here and there on the surface, and the sea, turbulent in victory, gave to the eyes of the watchers no sign of what had happened.

H.

RICHARD STRAUSS.

AT one time the Schulz-Curtius concerts were the most carefully looked after in the metropolis. If an unlucky critic arrived one moment late he was Bay-reuthed until the end of the first piece; if he went out during the interval to smoke a soothing cigarette and did not return promptly when the bell rang, he delayed at the risk of the same disaster befalling him. The consequence was that the concerts had what we call a high tone; every one who got there in time flattered him or herself on his or her superiority to the average concert-goer, who cares not whether he is late or early. Better still, we all realised that we attended to hear the music and for no other purpose; and it was possible to listen, perhaps impossible not to listen, with an intensity, a concentration, not attainable elsewhere. But of late the rules have been relaxed, the general management has degenerated. A week or two ago a humble complaint against late-comers being allowed to enter was raised in these columns. Will it be believed that I, the person who raised that complaint, was allowed to enter at the Strauss concert on Tuesday night while Mr. Strauss was playing the exquisite first movement of Mozart's "Kleine Nachtmusik"? This kind of thing is really intolerable. Naturally, inevitably, I wanted to get in; but in justice to the hundred hundreds of attentive listeners inside, I should have been excluded until the end of the first movement. Such errors are not at all compensated for by turning out the electric lamps in one part of the hall while in other parts the inhabitants rejoice in almost unlimited light. On the contrary, this curious game served merely to depress and exasperate those who were already annoyed by the late-comers and could not read their programmes. It depressed my poor self to such a degree that it is to be feared that my judgment of Mr. Richard Strauss, both as a conductor and as a composer, may be hopelessly unfair. And before proceeding to utter that judgment with all due solemnity, let me express the hope that in future Mr. Schulz-Curtius will neither turn out his

lights to produce a spurious Bayreuth atmosphere nor ruin the atmosphere he has hitherto got by prematurely admitting the lazy folk who have dallied by the way. The last point is worth insisting on. Most of our orchestral, and indeed other, concerts have long been made a nuisance by the suburban souls who love to come late and leave early. By preventing at least the late comers entering Mr. Schulz-Curtius made his concerts fifty per cent. more enjoyable than any others; by tolerating it—nay, encouraging it—he is throwing away the advantage he gained.

I regret extremely my inability to like either Mr. Strauss's compositions or his conducting. It was vastly interesting to hear both, but for this reason, that, in a measure, his music explained his conducting and his conducting his music. I have known the music for some time. The "Till Eulenspiegel" has been played in England several times; the "Don Juan" was given, I think, by Richter during the present year. I went several times through the "Thus spake Zarathustra" with a passionate Strauss enthusiast in Frankfort in the early part of August. But none of the music seemed loveable to me—in fact I would not exaggerate if I said it all was to me quite hateful. Clever, diabolically clever, it certainly seemed and still seems to me; but in the qualities of passion, beauty, dignity, directness of expression, I did and do find it singularly wanting. Moreover I find in it a thick vein of commonness. Yet it must be admitted that again and again a hint of something like genius appears—a brief bit of melody, a touch of harmony, a really fresh and beautiful bit of orchestral colour. Until his appearance at Queen's Hall the conundrum was, why should Mr. Strauss write at all, or why, able occasionally to write so finely, should his writing in general be so dry, barren, aggressively ugly? That conundrum was answered on Tuesday, and in a curious way. It may be remembered that when Mottl first played here he dumbfounded us by turning Beethoven music into Wagner music, by carefully picking out all the Wagnerish elements in Beethoven and making the most of them, and as carefully disregarding everything that was pure Beethoven. We saw in a flash not only Mottl's prodigious power, but also his surprising limitations; we judged that the more the music he played resembled Wagner's the better he would play it. In an analogous way Mr. Strauss exposed himself. He stood there holding the stick daintily in his fingers, obviously much interested in certain aspects of the music, and really making the most of those aspects. In the more complicated and brilliant passages of "The Mastersingers" overture and in the overture to "Tannhäuser" he got breadth, strength, life and colour. But so soon as a more tender passage was reached—a passage demanding sympathy and an acquaintance with the complexities of modern human emotion—Mr. Strauss's interest fell off. It is safe to say that if no better playing has been heard than that of certain bars of "The Mastersingers" prelude, on the other hand none quite so bad has been heard as that of the opening of the "Tannhäuser" overture. The same thing was observable, though of course in a degree less marked, when he gave us the Mozart Serenade. The general level of playing was commonplace; in the most delicate and lovely portions the loveliness and delicacy were callously left to make their own effect; but whenever the music became lively and approached brilliance the brilliance and liveliness were brought out as handsomely as could be desired. Now even had I heard Mr. Strauss play Beethoven and Weber instead of merely Strauss, Wagner and Mozart, I could not feel surer about his musical character than I am. Of course, being highly intelligent, he recognises all kinds of music; but the only kind in which he takes a genuine interest and pleasure is the bold, brilliant, audacious, almost dare-devil sort. Whenever Wagner begins to work miracles with the orchestra he is in his element, and, enjoying himself tremendously, enables his listeners to enjoy themselves tremendously. His interest is not, strictly speaking, a musical one. It is a quasi-musical one, certainly, but he thinks far more of the mathematics, or if you like, the gymnastics, of music than of its beauty, expressiveness and nobility of architectural design. Berlioz would not refuse to call him his son;

for his likings and his talents are precisely the likings and talents of Berlioz; and if he has not Berlioz's prodigious energy and invention of new effects, he has invented much for a man of thirty and has quite enough energy to get through the world. He has all Berlioz's dryness, lack of true emotion; his imagination is as confused and inexact as Berlioz's; intellectually he stands just a little below Berlioz. Berlioz would have been delighted not only with the music, but with the story, the programme, of the symphonic poem "Tod und Verklärung." The story is worth telling in the composer's own words, for nothing could give one a clearer notion of his gift and its limitations: "A sick man lies upon his mattress in a poor and squalid garret, lit by the flickering glare of a candle almost burnt to its stump. Exhausted by a desperate fight with death, he has sunk into sleep; no sound breaks the silence of approaching dissolution, save the low monotonous ticking of a clock upon the wall. A plaintive smile from time to time lights up the man's wan features: at life's last limit, dreams are telling him of childhood's golden days. But death will not long grant its victim sleep and dreams. Dreadfully it plucks at him, and once again begins the strife: desire of life against might of death! A gruesome combat!—Neither yet gains the victory, the dying man sinks back upon his couch, and silence reigns once more. Weary with struggling, rest of sleep, in the delirium of fever he sees his life unrolled before him, stage by stage. First the dawn of childhood, radiant with pure innocence. Next the youth who tests and practises his forces for riper manhood's fight. And then the man in battle for life's highest prize: to realise a high ideal, and make it all the higher by his act,—this the proud aim that shapes his course. Cold and scornful, the world heaps obstacles upon his path; deems he the goal at hand, a voice of thunder bids him 'Halt!'—'Let each hindrance be thy ladder,' thinks he, 'Higher, ever higher, mount!' And so he climbs, and so he urges, breathless with a hallowed fire. All that his heart had ever longed for, he seeks it still in death's last sweat; seeks, but can never find it! Though now he sees it plainer, plainer; though now it looms so large before him, he yet can ne'er embrace it wholly, ne'er put the last touch to his work.—Then sounds the final stroke of death's chill hammer; breaks the earthly shell in twain; enshrouds the eye with pall of night. From on high come sounds of triumph: what here on earth he sought in vain, from heaven it greets him: World-redemption, World-rebirth!" Here, one says, is a man in a fine state of frenzy—about what? About as banal and clumsily imagined a tale as was ever thought fine by a German. It is true that Beethoven would have used it as a basis for divine music—in fact I suspect that he used it more than once; but, after all, Beethoven died seventy years ago, and Beethoven was abnormally cramped on the intellectual side. In telling such a story Mr. Strauss is simply repeating, or at best varying, a tale told many times by Liszt and Berlioz. Nor does his music come near theirs. In all his published works I cannot discover one great theme, one sustained and overwhelming passage. He works out common melodies with an ingenuity which, as I have said, might be called diabolical; and one can only coldly admire the ingenuity while detesting the result of it. When he tries to be simple—as at the end of the "Tod und Verklärung"—he succeeds in being nearly as vulgar as the most distinguished of our English drawing-room balladists. In some parts of Germany Mr. Strauss is regarded as a musical saviour; and already in England we have been told by how far he surpasses Liszt. For my part, I emphatically refuse to accept him.

"THE HAPPY LIFE."

"The Happy Life. A new and original comedy in four acts." By Louis N. Parker. Duke of York's Theatre. 7 December, 1897.

"The Triple Alliance. A new and original farcical polygamous comedy in three acts." By W. S. Beadle. Strand Theatre. 6 December, 1897.

"THE Happy Life" has driven me reluctantly to the conclusion that Mr. Louis N. Parker is at present our most disastrous dramatic author. By his artistic

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culture, his fun, and a very pretty gift of fancy, he has succeeded in getting the case for an advance in the seriousness of the theatre staked on his plays, although the Family Herald would revolt at the old-maidishness of his sentimental plots, and Messrs. Hamilton and Raleigh, in their most unscrupulous Drury Lane confessions, would not venture on anything so stale as his romantic conventionalities. If "The Happy Life" were a satire on Bostonian culture—if the American gentleman who thinks he is in the very middle of the highest art when he is snugly curtained into his chambers in the Temple, with memories of Goldsmith in the atmosphere, Horace on the shelf, and FitzGerald's mock-Persian drivell open on his knee, and who feels bound as a gentleman to marry a strange young woman because she has been compelled by an accident to spend the night in his easy chair, were offered up, as he deserves, to feed the comic spirit and be devoured as Molière or Cervantes would have devoured him, then "The Happy Life" might end as well as it begins. But when it becomes apparent that Mr. Parker is going to endorse his hero's drafts on our sympathy, and invent spurious happy consequences for his fatuity—a point reached at the end of the second act—the intellectual and poetic interest of the piece vanishes, because we foresee that Mr. Parker must spend the remaining two acts in doing rapidly what Mr. Carton would have done effectively. The secret of Mr. Parker's inferiority to Mr. Carton at this sort of work is not very recondite. Mr. Carton, blessed with a scatter-brained spontaneity of romantic invention, presents agreeable images to our fancy with the same delightful freedom from the conditions of real life that Don Quixote's favourite knights-errant enjoyed from paying for their beds and breakfasts. Mr. Parker, intellectually more coherent, allows his ultra-Cartonic sentiment and fancy to be hampered by scruples proper only to dramatists who strive to hold the mirror up to nature, and feel that a single touch of romance would leave their problem shirked and their work worthless. That Mr. Parker can conceive such scruples as having any application to flimsy romantic trash like the misunderstanding between the Bostonian and Evelyn, or the sentimental outrage practised on her father, is no doubt part of the general indeterminateness which disables him from complete maturity as a dramatist at present. I wish he would either discard the scruples, and give us romance in all its irresponsible luxuriance, or else draw his materials from the real life to which conscientious scruples are appropriate. At present he is like a musician writing fashionable waltzes without venturing to break the rules of fifteenth century unaccompanied vocal counterpoint.

So far, it is in his realism and not in his romance that he is successful. No author could desire a heartier reception for his play than he enjoyed up to the end of the second act. The party in the Temple, and the Pettigrew-Smith household on Christmas Day, come off convincingly, with all the characters distinct and idiosyncratic. We were not meeting Mr. Beauchamp, Mr. Sidney Brough, Mr. Fred Kerr, and the rest for the hundred-and-fiftieth time: we were making the acquaintance of Charteris the First, Jimmy Pastor, Charteris the Second, and so on. Even Mrs. Pettigrew-Smith, a rather poor caricature, unworthily descended from the immortal Mrs. Wilfer, was credible with the help of the good-will created by the others. We were all handsomely entertained; we swallowed the bit of poetry about the figure at the door ravenously; and though two terrible mistakes had been made in casting the play, they did it no harm: it was, on the realistic plane, actor-proof. Then the realist suddenly changed into the old maid (a masculine euphemism for the young bachelor); and its credibility and interest began to wane. The Bostonian and the compromised lady, fast married, had to adore one another secretly, each believing that the other had been dragged reluctantly to the altar by Mrs. Grundy, and to stave off the inevitable enlightenment by mere shyness (which is not a thrillingly dramatic quality) until the last two minutes. The foreign prince, without the faintest prospect of success or complication of any threatening kind, had to make love to the wife for the sake of gravely proposing the customary stage-duel, which the husband as gravely

accepted. Jimmy Pastor ceased to exist and left in his place Mr. Sidney Brough struggling with his old task of comic relief. The Pettigrew-Smith brother, borrowed very frankly, actor and all, from "The Benefit of the Doubt," had to commit a quite irrelevant forgery to keep things going. Worst of all, the unfortunate old father, the literary hack for whom some genuine sympathy had been gained in the second act, was made the dupe of a hoax so cruel that I really cannot imagine how Mr. Parker managed to persuade himself that it was an act of kindness. The Bostonian pays a publisher to "accept" one of the old man's books, and buys up the edition, leaving him under the impression that he has had a genuine success. Stage philanthropy is, I admit, often enough based on the very ignorant notion that people have an unlimited right to gratify their benevolent instincts at the expense of others; but so utterly heartless a liberty as this, presented, if you please, as a fine trait in the hero, is a little beyond even the customary stage beyonds. I hoped up to the last moment that the old man, when the disclosure came, would give his son-in-law's monstrous sentimental officiousness and thoughtlessness the snubbing it deserved; but of course he only dissolved in gratitude: indeed Mr. Hermann Vezin, with the dexterity of an old hand, dissolved so cunningly that he brought down the house, though his part gave him no adequate cue for so powerful a stroke.

As to the husband and wife, if their parts had been cast with any sort of common sense, they might not only have pulled through themselves, but pulled the play with them when it began to flag. During the latter half of the play Evelyn and Cyril have to depend for the sympathy of the audience, not on anything particular that they say or do, but on their mute emotion. Now if there is an actor in London whose emotional condition is always completely reassuring, it is Mr. Fred Kerr. His robust sanity is the point from which his comedy starts—comedy so excellent that it is intolerable that he should be condemned to ape the snivelling "interestingness" of the sentimental leading man. There is, however, one person on the stage compared to whom even Mr. Kerr is sentimental; and that is Miss Dorothea Baird. There is something terrifying to an ignorant and old-fashioned man like myself in Miss Baird's combination of the efficiency, knowledge and self-possession of the educated modern woman with bewitching prettiness and an artistic calling. Nothing can be more businesslike than the way in which she whitens her face and gets up all the pathetic business of Evelyn's part as if she were doing it for a scholarship. And one cannot deny her the full complement of marks; for she gives the accepted answer without "fluff," and is prompt, reliable, cool and clearheaded. Like all successful examinees, she knows what is required of her, and supplies it, but takes no responsibility for its validity. Being well trained physically and intellectually, she is not easily affected: to really move her with fictitious matter you must either put it in a form which appeals to her artistic sense (the only sense in which she has deliberately cultivated susceptibility), or else it must be no mere commonplace from the penny serials, but something that an intellectually practised person can feel concerned about. The emotional hyperesthesia which enables many actresses to be touched and to touch others in feeble and silly passages is happily not among Miss Baird's qualifications for the stage. It is evident that the ordinary sentimental leading part will, in nine cases out of ten, touch her neither as an artist nor as a woman. It is equally evident that instead of letting this hinder her from grappling with it, she will attack it resolutely in the examinee attitude, and pass her examination on the first night letter-perfect, gesture-perfect, paint-perfect, dress-perfect, beauty-perfect, and imitation-pathos-perfect. Only, if the play depends on the part being lived from the inside instead of put on as a shepherd putteth on his garment, then it will fail, though Miss Baird may seem to succeed. Mind: I do not complain of this: the more such failures we have, the better. It is the business of the dramatist to make an exceptionally subtle and powerful appeal to the feelings and interests of the actress, not hers to make good his deficiencies by an abnormal and unhealthy susceptibility

to every worthless and incoherent suggestion of conventional pathos. Evelyn in "The Happy Life" is not a woman at all: she is merely the vehicle of a trumpery sentimentality of Mr. Parker's; and I do not want to see a clever and highly trained woman like Miss Baird the dupe of that sentimentality. But I confess that neither do I want to see her elbowing her way through it dry-eyed; for though the destructive effect is beneficial to the drama in the long run, and will effectually warn Mr. Parker that if he wants her to do for him what she has done very creditably for Du Maurier and Shakespear, he must give her equally interesting material, yet the process is not congenial to the spectator. On the whole, Mr. Kerr, as the more experienced performer, made much more of his misfit than Miss Baird did of hers; but the best they could do between them did not for a moment succeed in producing the effect which must suffice the last two acts from end to end if the play is ever to realise the author's conception.

What effect these untoward circumstances may have on the commercial fortunes of this particular piece remains to be seen; but its fortunes cannot greatly affect Mr. Parker's position as a dramatist, which may now be taken as consolidated. The fresh flavouring which he manages to give to themes by no means fresh is evidently relished by the public; and since his dramas are so far no more really advanced than Flotow's "Martha" is an advanced opera, and appeal to a taste which the London playgoer is rapidly acquiring, they will soon bring him all the success his manager can desire.

There was a great reunion of the Thorne family at the Strand Theatre on Monday afternoon. Their welcome was warm for the sake of old times. I left the theatre at the end of the second act, as the play did not interest me.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

BUSINESS was on the slightest possible scale in the stock markets. The usual prejudice against a nineteen day account was accentuated by the knowledge that the holidays would immediately follow. Consols proved a dull market. The firm letter sent by the Board of Trade had a somewhat soothing effect on Home Rails, which had hitherto suffered from fears of an employes' strike. Yankee Rails continued to feel the favourable effects of President McKinley's message. In the Foreign Market Turkish and Greek Bonds wobbled a little, but not with any very important results, whilst the tendency of South American securities was favourable. The shares of the English Sewing Cotton Company and the Incandescent Gas issues continued to draw attention in the Miscellaneous Market, whilst Hudson Bay Shares advanced substantially.

Very little business and a distinct tendency downward have been a distinguishing feature of the South African Mining Market. Chartered, Rand Mines, East Rands, Goldfields Deep, Bantjes and Knights were all sagging on Thursday, after a dull and depressed day on Wednesday. In this department, at any rate, business is quite dead as far as 1897 is concerned. On the whole, the Westralian Mining Market maintained itself during the depressed time creditably enough. The November export, 75,845 ozs., helped to maintain a fair level. Lake View Consols had a fall of about a half. Other declines were not important. Market Trust shares attracted some attention on Wednesday and Thursday on rumours as to the announcement that Mr. Bottomley was to make at the meeting.

The "Financial Times," which is so fond of recommending worthless Rhodesian ventures to the investor, has been tilting against the deep level mines of the Rand again. It no doubt has reasons of its own for depreciating the value of the deep levels, but its "bear" tactics have had no effect upon the market, and in spite of the prevailing stagnation of business, the best descriptions of deep level shares have well maintained their position during the week. Robinson Deep shares have moved up notably since the beginning of the month, and as the works are already so far advanced that crushing will probably commence at this mine before the middle of next year, it is worth while to

examine its prospects. The capital of the Robinson Deep Company is £400,000 and £300,000 5½ per cent. debentures. It is proposed to erect 100 stamps, and these should crush some 14,000 tons a month. The profit per ton of the Robinson mine, the corresponding outcrop undertaking, is about £2 8s., but with the better equipment of the deep level mines, the Robinson Deep should make a profit of at least £2 10s. per ton. This will give a total profit per month of £35,000, or £420,000 a year. After allowing £16,500 for interest on the debentures, this leaves available for dividends over £400,000 a year, or more than 100 per cent on the capital. At the present price of 10½ the Robinson Deep will therefore bring in a gross return to the investor of nearly 10 per cent. As the mine holds 234 claims, its life with a hundred stamps running cannot be estimated at less than forty-two years, and only about 1½ per cent. need be allowed for amortisation. If subsequently the supply of labour in the Transvaal makes it possible to run 200 stamps, the enormous profit of more than three-quarters of a million a year could be earned, equivalent to a net return to the investor at the present price and after allowing for amortisation, of 16 per cent.

The sudden rise in Ferreiras during the present account after nearly three months of stagnation indicates that the value of these shares as an investment is at last beginning to be recognised. There is some speculation in the City as to the approaching dividend for the second half of 1897, but a little consideration will show that it will probably be 30s. per share or 150 per cent., making a total dividend of 300 per cent. for the year. This result is arrived at as follows:—

Profit for 5 months (June to November)...	£149,467
Profit for December (say)	30,000
Balance after payment of last dividend ...	9,717
	189,184
Less capital expenditure for 6 months ...	33,000
	156,184
Dividend of 150 per cent.	135,000

Surplus profit £21,184
Allowing £1 per share as the lowest value of the water-rights owned by the Ferreira mine, which may later be converted into mining claims, dividends of 300 per cent. are equivalent to a gross return of 14 per cent. to the investor, at the present price of 22½, or, assuming the life of the mine to be 17 years, and therefore allowing 4½ per cent. for amortisation, the net return is equal to 9½ per cent. There is every reason to believe that when the Kaffir market begins to be active again the shares will go still higher, for with every improvement in the industrial conditions of the Rand the rate of profit will be increased, and it is still possible to achieve further economies in management.

Early in the New Year the question whether there is gold in Rhodesia or not will be definitely settled. In January next the Geelong mine, one of the principal ventures in which the Matabele Gold Reefs and Estates' Company is interested, will start crushing. The mine is already fully developed, and the published assays of ore have been very promising. If the results of the first crushing, which will be announced in February next, are good, there will undoubtedly be a boom in Rhodesians, and Kaffirs will in all probability follow suit. The capital of the Geelong mine is £250,000 in £1 shares. At the beginning of the present year 85,000 shares were issued to the public at a premium of 10s. per share. The vendors took 115,000 shares in payment for the property. The present price of the shares, though they are not quoted in the market, is about 35s. It is as well to remember also that the mine is said to have been extensively worked in early times. Matabele Gold Reefs stand at 6½, and it seems to us that even those who have faith in Rhodesian enterprises will prefer to buy Geelong rather than Matabele Gold Reefs.

We hear that Mr. Hooley's next promotion will be a gigantic gun company. It is said that the capital will be nearly a million and that the profits justify this

immense capital. Mr. Hooley has proved himself strong enough to launch even larger enterprises than this successfully; he is indeed strong enough for anything save the eulogies of some of his friends. There is an article on him in the "English Illustrated" by Mr. Legge, the gentleman who won notoriety by his unsuccessful libel action against the late Mr. Edmund Yates, which is too absurd for words. Mr. Legge's English is larded with romantic words such as "erstwhile" and "anon," which are ludicrously out of place in writing of a modern of the moderns like Mr. Hooley. A financier dressed up in old-fashioned stage properties would suit "Punch" better than the "English Illustrated."

It is stated that the management of the Hotel Cecil has been changed, Mr. Judah, late of the Hotel Victoria, having taken the place formerly held by Mr. Bertini. We advocated some such change as this more than a year ago, but we fear that now this change by itself will not be sufficient to give the Hotel Cecil any standing among London Hotels of the first rank. The truth is that the Hotel Cecil has become notorious for its second-rate cooking and indifferent service. Mr. Judah has a desperately hard task before him. In hotels, as in other things, it is far easier to make a new reputation than to redeem an indifferent one, and the faults in the Hotel Cecil, as we have pointed out more than once, lie deeper than the ostensible management.

When the prospectus of the Civil, Naval, and Military Outfitters, Limited, made its appearance in August we pointed out that the document seemed to have been drawn up "with cynical indifference to the public intelligence." The cynicism was apparently not altogether misplaced, for many investors parted with their cash. Having neglected our advice, these people are now bewailing the mysterious position of the enterprise in which they have sunk their capital. It is said that the company has advanced scarcely a step beyond the registration stage. Nobody can quite make out what is going on behind the scenes, but one fact at least is ominous. Among the businesses to be acquired was that of "Messrs. Firmin, Naval and Military Outfitters." Most of us imagined this to be the well-known house of Firmin, the history of which dates back to the last century. But now investors are asking whether the business actually acquired was not another firm of the same name?

For weeks past all sorts of rumours have been current regarding financial schemes in connexion with Mexico. The climax was reached a few days ago when the native press published a report that the Rothschilds were at the bottom of a big colonisation scheme. The whole story has proved to be pure fiction, but there is nevertheless some probability that Mexico will now be added to the list of countries that are likely to attract the serious attention of English financiers during the next few years. Mineral enterprise in the country has hitherto been chiefly directed to silver, but the depreciation of that metal and the other vast resources of their native land have at last stirred even the lazy Mexicans to a lively sense of their own interests. Within the last few weeks the Government have decided to offer every possible attraction to gold miners from all parts of the world.

We hear that the prospectus of the Youde Billposting Amalgamation will make its appearance before the 14th inst. It is a question whether the promoters anticipated the huge dimensions which their undertaking has assumed. Over one hundred and eighty businesses have now entered into the scheme, and these include almost all the leading firms in London, Nottingham, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other leading cities. The houses that have held aloof so far, are now showing a disposition to relent, which will not surprise those who understand the billposting trade. We shall study with some interest the prospectus of the new scheme to see whether those responsible are likely to effect the reforms in the direction of economy and thoroughness which will be rendered possible by this amalgamation. Only persons who advertised under the old system can realise the inconvenience that they were put to by the presence of

so many rival firms in the market. At the present time it is impossible to have a poster distributed over the metropolis and feel confident that it will not be effaced by the enterprise of a rival contractor in a few days.

But it is impossible to say how far the new scheme is likely to work advantageously until we see the prospectus. The financial arrangements of an undertaking with a capital of two and a quarter millions must be very carefully and cleverly managed. The present arrangement is that the capital be divided into 1,000,000 six per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each and 1,230,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, entitling holders to a maximum cumulative dividend of 10 per cent., and 20,000 vendor deferred shares of £1 each. Over 600,000 of the ordinary shares have been already applied for. We hear that, in addition to Mr. Youde as managing director, the board will include Mr. Andrew Walker, of Bovril fame, who will probably act as chairman, as well as the heads of leading billposting firms in London and the provinces.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

A COMING FLOTATION.

The Klondike craze seems to be about to find a formidable rival in Tasmania. Encouraged by the presence of one or two successful companies in Tasmania, the wily promoter has centered his attention there with a view to presenting the public with some plausible mining schemes. All the old methods are resorted to in order to lend flavour to the new enterprise. The old bait of the presence of a show mine in the immediate neighbourhood, which has been played with more or less effect, is still a favourite device. As in the case of the Sheba in Africa and the Great Boulder in Westralia, the success of the Mount Lyell in Tasmania seems to be looked upon as sufficient excuse for any "wild-cat" scheme that may emanate from the same neighbourhood.

GEORGE WHYBROW, LIMITED.

Mr. Harrison Ainsworth has been behind the scenes in some remarkably impudent enterprises. But the prospectus of George Whybrow, Limited, is even more obvious than the average promotion of this well-known gentleman. Readers must not mistake our meaning. We see nothing in the Whybrow prospectus to suggest developments such as have distinguished Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's Brinsmead flotation. It is merely an inadequate document distinguished by obvious omissions and irrelevant statements for the benefit of the unwary among the investing public. Although according to the prospectus Whybrow's pickle business was established in the year of King George III., it is safe to say that until a few months back ninety Englishmen out of every hundred had never heard of the firm. But a short time ago considerable sums were spent in advertising Whybrow's pickles, no doubt with a view to the present flotation. The company is not an onerous undertaking, only possessing a capital of £60,000 in £5 shares. According to the prospectus it is intended to acquire works in Shadwell and a considerable amount of plant. For these, just under £30,000 is to be paid. The fact that no valuation report is published is in itself enough to put the thoughtful investor on his guard. But this is not the worst. The premises are leasehold at a rental of £200 per annum. No statement is made as to the duration of the lease or how much of it has already expired. Those who know the district will be especially anxious to learn whether there is any chance of the lease being renewed. The works are, we gather from the prospectus, capable of turning out three thousand cases of pickles per week. How completely absurd estimates built on such a statement are, may be gathered from the fact that the present staff employed is incapable of accomplishing such a result in ordinary working hours; unless the cases in question are what are known in the trade as half-cases. Seeing that so much of the prospectus is built on a ridiculous basis, we can scarcely affect surprise at the curious list of successful industrial companies that is published with a view to drawing subscriptions. Whybrow's is a pickle and sauce business. Yet the directors have the effrontery

to cite such undertakings as Maple & Co., J. & P. Coats, A. & F. Pears, Bryant & May's, and others of an equally varied character as an inducement to invest in this new enterprise. Where the analogy between furniture, cotton, soap, matches, and pickles lies, we leave others to discover. Geo. Whybrow, Limited, is as unpalatable an enterprise as we have seen, nor does the quarter whence it emanates make us any the less apprehensive as to its future. Of the directors, the only confirmed guinea-pig is Mr. J. Percy Leith. Can that gentleman tell us what has become of the following companies to which he lent his name: The South Vogelstruis Gold Company, Lake Valley of Switzerland Railway Company, Southwark and Deptford Tramways Limited, and the India Rubber Estates Company?

MADAME VAL. SMITH.

Why does Mrs. Valentine Smith want to part with her Liverpool millinery business? No reason is given, and as the vendors hope to get the whole of the purchase price, £105,000, in cash, this sudden desire to unload on the public a business professedly bringing in £11,000 per annum is more than ominous. The property included in the purchase is leasehold, and no valuation is made of the stock. The share capital is £100,000 in £1 shares, in addition to which there are £30,000 4 per cent. first mortgage debentures. No security is given for the latter. As is the case in so many of these industrial prospectuses, the directors find an indulgence in imaginative estimates more effective than details as to value of stock, &c. Should the public respond to this ingenuous invitation of Mrs. Valentine Smith and her friends, we can only congratulate the promoters on the cleverness of the deal.

MOUNT KIMO GOLD.

£120,000 in cash and shares is a fat sum to pay for the Mount Kimo and Mount Kimo South Gold Mines. It is not impossible that the properties may be worth such a sum, but the directors have certainly not taken the right measures to impress the public favourably. The reports published are disconnected and in most cases prospective, whilst the gentlemen who drafted the prospectus have resorted to the history of the Alaska Treadwell Company with the object of drawing subscriptions for this new venture. It is difficult to believe that, if the properties are as valuable as the purchase price suggests, the directors would not publish some more conclusive evidence of the fact. The capital of the Company is £160,000 in £1 shares. It will be seen that most of this is swallowed up by the purchase consideration.

CALIFORNIA REDIVIVA.

Californian gold enterprise seems to carry us back to our schoolboy days, when the adventures of gold diggers in that country were our favourite fiction. But now the picturesque days of the rough-and-ready pickaxe and spade are past, to be supplanted by shafts and other scientific appliances worked by joint stock enterprise. From a financial point of view, the Great Northern Industrial Gold Company is a big undertaking, having a share capital of no less than £400,000. This is divided into £1 shares, of which £50,000 are held in reserve, whilst 234,000 shares are offered for subscription. The property to be acquired is situate in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in the northern part of the State of California, and, in addition to adjoining land, the mines alone comprise 1395 acres. There are altogether about sixteen properties included in the purchase, the price of which has been fixed at £280,000, payable as to £116,000 in shares of the Company and the balance in cash or shares, or partly in cash and partly in shares.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

A. B. C. (Albert Bridge).—Sorry your letter was too late for reply in our last issue.

MINES (Novice, Biggleswade).—The African Companies you mention are all good investments. The price of the Westralian Company is a little too high just now.

CONSOLIDATED GOLDFIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA (B. B. C., Temple).—You had better leave the shares alone.

BARNATO CONSOLS (Colonel, Weymouth).—There is no truth in the rumour.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. THOMAS CARTER AND SHAKESPEARE'S FATHER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

35, PARK LANE, W., 8 December.

SIR,—In your issue of 4 December Mr. Thomas Carter has replied, in three columns, to my letter which you were good enough to publish on 6 November. Will you permit a rejoinder which shall be prompt and, comparatively, brief? I do not pretend to a first-hand acquaintance with the archives of Stratford-on-Avon, but I have compared Mr. Carter's selections from them with Halliwell-Phillipps' transcripts ("Outlines," ii.), and I must still urge that Mr. Carter's conclusions are not to be lightly accepted.

I accept his statement that the document dealing with the sale of vestments bears date, 10 October, 1571. I admit that I was, as he says, "led away by the phrase, 'within a month'." My only comment is that the phrase is his own ("Shakespeare, Puritan and Recusant," page 70), and inaccurate, whether you choose 5 September or 10 October for the date of John Shakespeare's election. Mr. Carter claims to "be pardoned if he takes Mr. Wyndham's own reasoning" on the circumstances of this election and the sale of vestments. But I expressly stated my doubt whether a presumption could be raised from them one way or the other. Mr. Carter assumes the issues arising out of these municipal records to be the ground on which "Mr. Wyndham no doubt feels himself at his strongest." But, rightly or wrongly, I included them among "small and doubtful points." And Mr. Carter knows this, for he quotes my words in his letter. How can I grant the pardon in the one case or pardon the assumption in the other?

Mr. Carter states: "No action or process of debt can be found against John Shakespeare at this period (1592)." But evidence of poverty in preceding years is equally relevant. Does he reject the evidence collected by Halliwell-Phillipps for the year 1578—relief from one half of the aldermanic contribution to military equipment, relief from a weekly contribution of fourpence to the poor, the mortgaging of the Asbies for forty pounds, the suing of his sureties by a baker for a debt of £5?

Mr. Carter sets his three or four selections from the archives of Stratford in a long and, I admit, most ingenious piece of special pleading which, however, bristles with disputable statements: "The universities were puritan to the core," "Papists were prosecuted for being Papists," &c. In this congenial atmosphere facts swell like pumpkins in a forcing-house. On p. 27 the Corporation (1562-63) buy a piece of timber from John Shakespeare and pay—we know not whom—two shillings for defacing images. John Shakespeare, also, audits the accounts in 1564. This proves that he did not resign a small office in protest against his superior's zeal, that and no more. Yet on p. 45 the incident has developed into "the iconoclastic tendencies" of John Shakespeare. Mr. Carter proceeds from assumption to assumption: on p. 20 he takes "for granted" that Robert Perrot was "an ardent and pronounced Roman Catholic," so when, p. 73, Perrot contributes to the charges of a public dinner given to active Protestants, Mr. Carter must insinuate that the contribution was forced and note "the pathos and irony of the situation." He assumes, p. 68, quite gratuitously (see "Outlines," ii. 232) that six pounds, paid to John Shakespeare, were for travelling expenses incurred as one of a deputation to urge Puritan reforms on Parliament. But he gives no shred of evidence that John Shakespeare even went to London. He states, p. 123, that John "had won a high position during the period when the laws against Roman Catholics were being rigorously enforced." True, he was High Bailiff in 1568. But were the laws at that time being "rigorously enforced?" Robert Middlemore was High Sheriff in the same year and, in 1570, we find him refusing to take the oath of supremacy. On p. 48 Mr. Carter brackets Wheler with John Shakespeare, adding: "We find them taking part in many of the most pronounced Puritan movements in the town" and "together dismissed the Council on the same day."

But Wheler's name was removed from the roll of the Council because "he doth desire to be out" ("Outlines," ii. 241).

I accept Mr. Carter's permission to make what I can out of his misadventure with Falstaff and Oldcastle. "It is one," he admits, "of those absurd and palpable errors . . . which the erring author is usually the first to perceive." But there were three errors, not one, and one of them is something more than a slip. It is not merely a "clumsy statement of the truth that Shakespeare first introduced the character of Falstaff under the name of Oldcastle." Mr. Carter wrote, p. 144: "When James of Scotland, a Presbyterian, was next in succession to the throne, and active persecution had died down, Shakespeare makes amends for the light use of Oldcastle's name, and calls him a 'valiant martyr and a virtuous peer.' The suggestion is that Shakespeare—not John now, but the poet of all time—came out in his true colours when it was safe to do so. The line occurs in the prologue to the 'True and honourable history of the life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham.' The context runs,—

"The doubtful Title (Gentlemen) prefix
Upon the argument we have in hand,
May breed suspence, and wrongfully disturb
The peacefull quiet of your settled thoughts.
To stop which scruple, let this breefe suffice.
It is no pamper'd Glutton we present,
Nor aged Counsellor to youthful sinne;
But one, whose vertue shone above the rest,
A valiant martyr, and a virtuous Peere."

Shakespeare did not write this play, his name appears only on certain copies added, so it has been urged, to enhance the value of a pirated edition. Yet who can believe that any one hoped to palm off such a play for Shakespeare's? It was written (1600) for a rival company, during the run of Shakespeare's Henry IV., prolonged, off and on, by the popularity of the very character in question, namely, Falstaff. The prologue stamps it for a Protestant reply to Shakespeare's abuse of Oldcastle's name. The villain, and principal character, of the piece is a priest who turns highwayman and is, finally, hanged in chains. The addition of Shakespeare's name to a missile so violently retorted against his handiwork seems an insolent device for which there are many analogues in the controversial amenities of the time. In the absence of any contemporary notice of Shakespeare's action in this matter I must prefer a view taken in the seventeenth century before Mr. Carter's taken in the nineteenth. "The History of the Worthies of England" was published, posthumously, in 1662. But from its bulk we may judge that it occupied many years of Thomas Fuller's life. The passage I shall quote may, therefore, lie well within the range of plausible tradition: "True it is Sir John Oldcastle did first bear the brunt . . . being made the makesport in all plays for a coward. It is easily known out of what purse this black penny came. The Papists railing on him for a Heretick, and therefore he must also be a coward. . . . Now as I am glad Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Fastolfe is put in. . . . Nor is our Comedian"—Shakespeare without a doubt—"excusable by some alteration of his name, writing him Sir John Falstafe (and making him the property of pleasure for King Henry the Fifth to abuse) seeing the vicinity of sounds intrench on the memory of that worthy knight, and few do heed the inconsiderable difference in spelling of their name."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, GEORGE WYNDHAM.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

HOTEL DU PARC, LOCARNO, SWITZERLAND,
30 November, 1897.

SIR,—I have read with interest the correspondence in your columns as to the true causes of the Indian Mutiny; and I do not think that any of your correspondents have hit the right nail on the head. The real cause of the Mutiny was neither political nor accidental; it was the rotten state of the Bengal Army, in which the bonds of discipline had been relaxed until they slipped off altogether. It is true that cartridges greased

with animal fat were made up in the arsenal at Dum-dum and were actually issued at the School of Musketry at Umballa; but as soon as the complaints of the men brought the matter under the notice of the Government, vegetable grease was substituted for animal, and orders were given that the cartridges should be lubricated under regimental arrangements, in order fully to satisfy the men. The cartridges refused by the men of the Third Cavalry at Meerut had nothing objectionable about them. But for a long time past, I cannot say exactly for how long, the Bengal Army had been governed on the principles advocated by Mr. Bernard Shaw. Corporal punishment was abolished for the native soldiers, while retained for the Europeans; Sepoys were permitted to petition the Commander-in-Chief against the decisions of their own regimental officers; and, incredible as it may appear, if the oldest private in a company was passed over in promotion to Lance-Corporal the reasons for his supersession had to be reported to Army Headquarters. Sir Charles Napier pointed out in 1850 that the Bengal Army was on the verge of Mutiny, was snubbed by Lord Dalhousie for his pains, and resigned his command in dudgeon. The annexation of Oudh, political discontent, and religious fanaticism all had their share in producing the Mutiny, and so may be reckoned among its causes; but there would have been no Mutiny if the Bengal Army had been properly governed and strictly disciplined as were the armies of the two minor Presidencies, Madras and Bombay. The greased cartridge was rather a pretext than a cause.—Yours faithfully, F. H. TYRRELL,

Lieut.-General late Madras Army.

FLOGGING IN THE SERVICES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

DULWICH.

SIR,—George Bernard Shaw never turned his great ability to better purpose than when he wrote the letters which have appeared on "Flogging in the Navy." His analysis of the morbid sensations of the spectators at a public flogging is, I submit, accurate to the last word. But though he rested—and proved—his case on the gross brutality of flogging in general, he probably knows well that these punishments in the Navy only form part of a bad old system. Your permission to say a word on this subject would be appreciated by a vast body of men who, by the very nature of the case, are themselves inarticulate. And I do not ask this in the mere interests of humanity and justice. On the lower ground of expediency, nothing which threatens the efficiency of the service can be indifferent to us. The régime under which these floggings are ordered is threatening that efficiency. Therefore I will venture to briefly voice the opinions of some of those who think so.

The efficiency of the navy is threatened because things are said and done in it which are leading some of its ablest members to leave it at the first chance. The Royal Navy is governed by martial law, embodied in the "Naval Discipline Act" (29 and 30 Vict. cap. 109), the latter being supplemented by sundry Admiralty regulations, generally of a restrictive character, which commanding officers are enjoined, with delicious irony, to read from time to time for the encouragement of their men. According to the Articles of War, to strike or to attempt to strike an officer is an offence punishable by a long term of penal servitude, involving dismissal from the service with disgrace. The provocation is never considered. The offended officer may be a youngster whose commission as lieutenant dates from yesterday. The offender may be a valuable petty officer, of 35 or 40, of hitherto unblemished character. The foulest abuse, the grossest and most glaring injustice, the most flagrant instance of oppressive tyranny, are as dust in the balance against the crime of a man who forgets, for a single second, the divinity that doth hedge an officer. The latter, in the eye of the court-martial, can do no wrong. And according to our military law, be it remembered, a court-martial consists entirely of officers, though the more liberal régime prevailing in the German and in the Austrian army secures the representation on the Court of the rank of the prisoner, the German law

requiring three out of eleven to be of his grade. In the British Navy, therefore, a Court trying a man for an offence against an officer is in the equitable position of a jury of game preservers trying a labourer found in the accidental possession of a pheasant. And class divisions are, in the service, sharply defined. In the eyes of the Admiralty, at any rate, there is no middle class in the Navy. The officer is treated as an aristocrat, the man as a plebeian, the latter, moreover, being refused the courtesy of the universally accorded "Mister." Undoubtedly there are among the officers genial good fellows in plenty who would scorn to take advantage of these facts; but the majority, hide-bound by prejudice, tenacious of authority, jealous of the levelling tendencies of the times, and feeling, too often, that their own second-rate qualifications can only pass muster among men over whom they wield an absolute sway, are only too ready to follow tradition. And the law plays into their hands by providing, in the severe regulations which form the criminal code of the Navy, the most powerful engine of oppression and suppression which could be desired.—Yours, &c.,

R. A. R.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—With respect to Mr. Wilson's letter, I believe there are many persons who desire to restore the old system of flogging in the Army and Navy; but it seems to me that the question is, are we to allow it to grow up again without the sanction of public opinion or of the laws?

That flogging is not a complete remedy for the evils complained of, even in the opinion of those who inflict it, is pretty evident from two circumstances; firstly, that they seem never to rely upon flogging alone without the addition of a term of imprisonment; and, secondly, that they generally anticipate the failure of both punishments and proceed to dismiss the man from the service.

It is an old story—

"That in the captain's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy."

Is there any instance of an officer being flogged for striking a soldier or sailor without cause? Oh! but that is not insubordination. Well, what is insubordination? Disobedience to orders and defiance of authority. Is not an officer who strikes a private without cause disobeying his superior officers and breaking the rules laid down for his conduct?

I grant, of course, that in war-time discipline must be enforced even at the risk of occasional harshness and injustice. I was writing of punishments in times of peace. Why should not a soldier or sailor who commits an offence in time of peace have a fair trial and a fair sentence like any other man? And if his sentence by Court Martial includes dismissal from the service, I think he ought to be dealt with as a civilian from the time that the sentence is passed.

Some schoolmasters cannot maintain discipline without flogging; others can. It is, I presume, the same thing with officers; but those who cannot maintain discipline without flogging do not, I think, form the best class. But when a schoolmaster flogs he does not expel, and when he expels he does not flog. Why should not officers take a leaf out of his book? The boys who are court-martialled are often not older than his pupils. A court consisting entirely of officers is certainly not the best tribunal for fixing a fair and moderate sentence for insubordination. It is like setting a tribunal of employers to try persons concerned in a strike riot, or a tribunal of landlords to try persons accused of agrarian outrages. In war-time it may become necessary, but in peace-time why should we not have a less one-sided tribunal?—Truly yours,

A BARRISTER.

WHAT INDIA MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 HAMLET ROAD, NORWOOD, S.E.

SIR,—In Mr. Hyndman's article on the subject heading this letter, he states that there is a drain of £30,000,000 worth of produce, measured in gold, deducted yearly from the resources of India, and that we have taken out of India £500,000,000 in gold at least during the past twenty years.

Now, if you will refer to the Indian Currency Blue Book of 1893, p. 239, you will find the following figures for the period of twenty-three years, 1870 to 1893:—Total net balance of exports of merchandise over imports, Rx. 681,000,000, which I will take, at 1s. 6d. the rupee as an average rate, to be equal to £510,000,000; but from this has to be deducted the net import of treasure for the same period, Rx. 225,000,000, at 1s. 6d., equal to £168,000,000, leaving £342,000,000 as the gold value of the produce shipped from India in excess of the imports for the twenty-three years, or an average of about £15,000,000 per annum.—Your obedient servant,

ROBERT H. BAKER.

[Mr. Baker has forgotten to make allowance in his calculations for the fact that the exports of India, as well as her imports, are valued at the Indian ports. In order to make a fair computation of the value of the Indian exports as compared with the value of the Indian imports at least fifteen per cent. must be added to the total value of the former, in order to cover freight, profit, and insurance, which are all included in the value of the imports. If Mr. Baker will make this correction he will find that his figures undergo a material alteration. Taken on this basis, the exports exceed the imports for 1895, the last year given in the Statistical Abstract, by no less than Rs. 53,000,000, or, at 1s. 3d. to the rupee, more than £33,000,000 in gold.—H. M. HYNDMAN.]

THE WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, E.C.

SIR,—In a recent issue of your valuable journal you make the remark: "The Workmen's Compensation Act . . . recognises and makes definite the right of the workman to claim compensation from the community on whose behalf he labours."

May I point out that this is precisely what the Act ought to do, but does not? The Act fixes the burden on the employer solely, whether he is to blame or not, and will impose so intolerable a burden upon the dangerous trades that it will probably lead to an agitation for its early repeal, not only on the part of the masters, but also on that of the men.

Let me give an example. At present a builder can insure his employer's liability risk for five shillings per cent. on the wages he pays. The new rate cannot be less than fifty shillings per cent., which means that a small man paying, say, £5000 a year in wages, and making a profit of, say, £300 for himself, will either have to tax himself an extra £112 10s. yearly, or allow the workman to take the risk of getting nothing in the event of his bankruptcy. A claim for total disablement—not death—may easily cost £1,000, and where would the small master or the man be then?—I am, your obedient servant,

J. J. BISGOOD.

[A more thorough grasp of economics would have rendered it unnecessary for Mr. Bisgood to write on this point. The cost of insurance naturally enters into the cost of production and even if the rate of insurance should be as high as Mr. Bisgood anticipates, it will not diminish the employer's profits but will be added to the price of the commodity he produces. The Workmen's Accident Act lays down the principle that every workman who is injured in the course of his occupation shall be compensated. The burden thus falls equally upon all employers, who guard against it by insurance. A tax which is thus spread equally over a whole trade does not affect individual employers but enters into price. It is therefore strictly true, as I stated, that under the Act it is the community which compensates the workman for injuries received while working on its behalf.—THE WRITER OF THE NOTE.]

THE EGG OF THE CURLEW SANDPIPER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

THE CLUB, BOURNEMOUTH.

SIR,—It may interest Mr. H. A. Bryden to know that the egg of this bird is not, as he states in his charming article, still unknown, since it was recently found, I believe, in the valley of the Yenesei, or at any rate in that quarter of the globe.—Your obedient servant,

F. G. AFLALO.

The Saturday Review

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11 December, 1897.

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SUPPLEMENT OF CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

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REAL GHOST STORIES.

"Real Ghost Stories." By W. T. Stead. London: Richards. 1897.

WHAT, sir, about a ghost?" said Miss Seward. "Yes, madam," replied Johnson with solemn vehemence, "this is a question which after five thousand years is yet undecided, a question whether in theology or philosophy one of the most important that can come before the human understanding." We are sorry for Mr. Stead's sake that the great doctor has joined the ghosts instead of being able to read about them, for the present book would have been sure to find in him an indulgent and sympathetic critic. Mr. Stead deserves such a critic, for he has certainly made a remarkable contribution to the literature, or perhaps we should rather say to the *ana*, of supernaturalism. Most of the stories are of course not new, having appeared before, some years ago, in the columns of Mr. Stead's well-known periodical, but they are here carefully revised and some not inconsiderable additions have been made to them. The result is the fullest and most elaborate collection of such stories which has probably ever been published. The work is not confined to ghosts, though ghosts are its staple commodity, but deals also with dreams, clairvoyance, second sight, premonitions and demoniacal possession. Every incident narrated purports to be true, and no pains have been spared to guarantee the authenticity of each narrative, Mr. Stead being very properly of opinion that nothing can be worth a moment's consideration which does not rest on satisfactory, or at any rate on what appears to be satisfactory, testimony. He wishes the book to be taken seriously, and though we must admit that we are by no means credulous in these matters we are quite willing to take it seriously.

We have read it with great care, and the impression which it leaves on us, after making very large deductions for what may be explained without any reference to supernaturalism, is, we own, a certain perplexity. Many of Mr. Stead's stories resolve themselves into the records of phenomena which are perfectly explicable on physical grounds, many into coincidences which are certainly remarkable, but which do not differ in kind from those of which most people have had experience and which no one would consider supernatural. Others, again, may be explained by what Coleridge calls the "shaping power" of a lively imagination excited into action by some dominant emotion or impression. And this, taken in connexion with coincidence, seems to explain some of the most picturesque and impressive of his stories. In the case of some, the witnesses are, to say the least, as extraordinary as the tales they tell. A gentleman, for instance, is joined by the ghost of his father in the crowded streets of a Scotch town. They walk together conversing for a considerable distance. "And you knew the ghost?" "Perfectly, it was the ghost of my father." "Were you thinking of your father?" "Not at all." "And when he spoke to you were you not surprised?" "Not in the least." "Nor inquisitive?" "No, it seemed so natural. I was chiefly thinking of the place I was going to. In fact, it was not until the next day that I began to realise how strange it was that I had been speaking familiarly to my father, in a busy Glasgow street, six years after he died." Unless we can suppose that the presence of a ghost has the effect of suspending all natural instincts and feelings, this is a very difficult story to believe. A man who under such circumstances could be thinking chiefly of the place he was going to, and who only realised next day the strangeness of what he had experienced, is a far more extraordinary being than any ghost.

The narrative on which Mr. Stead bases his hypothesis that "there is such a thing as a Thought Body capable of locomotion and speech, which can transfer itself where it pleases, and clothe itself phantasmally with any clothes it may desire to wear," is, it must be admitted, considering the evidence on which it rests, an

astonishing one. Briefly it is to the effect that a certain person of the name of Thompson presented himself at a photographer's shop in Newcastle for the purpose of obtaining some photographs of himself, at a time when it was subsequently shown that he was lying unconscious on his death-bed at Hebburn, a distance of over four miles. He called at or just before eight o'clock in the morning; he died at or about half-past two in the afternoon of the same day. The testimony on which the story rests is so very precise and definite, that it seems to preclude the possibility of the natural explanation, namely, either that Thompson actually did call early on the morning of the day on which he died, or that some one else personated him. Everything depends on the exact accuracy of the witnesses, and of their exact accuracy there is no sufficient guarantee. All that is proved by direct and collateral testimony is the fact of the call; the other particulars may have assumed, as they usually do in these cases, precision and definition after the event. Why the ghost should have volunteered the statement that it had been "travelling all night," when the body to which it belonged was only four miles away, is a circumstance which is left unexplained; but it looks like confusion somewhere. We own that we are not inclined to take this story as seriously as Mr. Stead appears to do, still less to draw the large deduction which he draws from it. Into spirit-rapping communications we cannot follow Mr. Stead, but can only say that in one of the most remarkable of them, the case of Charles C., who reported himself "to have died between twelve and half-past," it is not stated whether the narrator was aware of Charles C.'s serious illness. If so, there was nothing very extraordinary either in the apparition itself or in the rappings which spelt out his demise.

We have noticed one suspicious peculiarity in many of the narratives, and that is that details are multiplied and emphasised in an inverse ratio to their importance. This is, no doubt, undesigned, but it recalls unfortunately the favourite method of Defoe and Swift for cheating credulity, and is not calculated to beget confidence in a critical reader. Making, however, all allowance for what is in this volume suspicious or unsubstantial, there remains a residue which must, at least, arrest the attention of the most sceptical, and which can only be explained naturally by resorting to a very unpleasant hypothesis, namely, deliberate untruth on the part of the narrators. This no one has a right to assume, and in more than one case such a supposition is quite out of the question, the character of the narrators being above suspicion. The following is an instance, and it is the most remarkable narrative in Mr. Stead's book. It was communicated by the Rev. Father Fleming, now or recently the Catholic priest of Slindon, in Sussex. In 1868, Father Fleming, who was at that time officiating at Woolwich, went to Dublin for a holiday. He was staying at a friend's house, when one morning about four a.m. he was awakened by a knock at his bedroom door. On calling "Come in," there appeared at the foot of his bed two figures dressed as artisans belonging to Woolwich Arsenal. One of them said, "My name is C—S; I belong to Woolwich Arsenal; I died on — of — and you must attend me." The other, giving a different name and a different date as the date of his death, made the same request. Father Fleming noticing that they had both used the past tense, though the days specified had not arrived, pointed this out, upon which they both smiled and added, "We know this very well, it was done to fix your attention," and they seemed again to say very earnestly, "You must attend us!" They then disappeared. There was nothing, perhaps, very extraordinary in all this, and Father Fleming admits that he was not quite sure whether it was a dream or not, though to the best of his belief he was fully awake. However, he was profoundly affected by the incident, and returned almost immediately to Woolwich with the intention of being there before the earliest of the dates specified. And now begins the wonder. Neither of the men whose spectres he had seen were known to him; in fact, he had never heard their names before. But shortly after his arrival at Woolwich he found from the sacristan that a man bearing the name of the first apparition had,

though a perfect stranger, already sent for him, and on hurrying to the man's bedside, he found him fatally stricken with inflammation of the lungs, of which he died in a few days. Not long afterwards came the second summons from a man, also a stranger, bearing the name given by the other apparition. He was also on his death-bed. Father Fleming explains that in both cases there were special reasons why he should have been called in to attend these men in their last hours. The theory of coincidences may, of course, extend even to such a case as this, or Father Fleming's memory may have unconsciously played him false in some of the minor details. If, for example, the men were known to him—a fact which the lapse of time and the overmastering impression made by his dream may have obliterated—the incident, though remarkable, would be explicable without resorting to any theory of supernaturalism.

On the whole, books like Mr. Stead's do not leave us where they find us. They are gradually accumulating very valuable testimony in inquiries in which, at their present stage, testimony is everything.

HISTORICAL TALES.

ROBIN HOOD has lost nothing of his glamour for youthful minds, and in "In Lincoln Green" (Seeley) his story is told anew by the Rev. E. Gilliat. Mr. Gilliat is an assistant-master at Harrow, and his pupils have reason to congratulate themselves on having such an excellent story-teller for their teacher. "In Lincoln Green" is one of the best boys' books of the season. Robin Hood and his merrie men, Little John, Will Scarlet, Friar Tuck, and the rest, all live vividly in its pages. They triumph over villainy and protect the poor and the weak in the most approved fashion, and the necessary historical detail is skilfully and unobtrusively worked in the story. The characters talk with just enough of archaic phrases to keep up the illusion without any show of pedanticism on the part of the author, and the adventures are stirring and well contrived. At the end Earl Robert of Huntingdon helps Richard the Lion-hearted to come into his own again and recovers his own estates. Whatever may have been the truth about Robin Hood, the legend which has grown up around him must ever remain a favourite one with English boys, and Mr. Gilliat deserves great praise for having presented it afresh in a manner that could scarcely be improved upon. The book is moreover a handsome one, well bound and printed, and has a number of good illustrations by Mr. Ralph Cleaver.

Mr. J. Storer Clouston's "Vandrad the Viking" (Nelson) takes us back to an earlier period. It tells how Estein, son of Hakon, king of Sogn, set sail and came to the Orkneys, and there was not only vanquished by the Orkney Vikings, but fell a victim to the spell cast on him by the bright eyes of Osla, the daughter of the hermit who lived on the Holy Isle. Estein was called Vandrad, "the Unlucky," and his ill-luck certainly pursues him through the story until the last chapter, when everything comes right and he marries Osla. The story is told with some skill and gives an idea of the lives of the early Norsemen. There is an abundance of hard fighting, jovial feasting, and rather mysterious adventure, but the characters are a little shadowy and the tale is not always quite clear in its outline. It is no doubt difficult to give a very vivid and lifelike picture of a period so little known as that of the Vikings, but it can be done. Mr. Clouston seems to have gone wrong by imitating too closely the half-light of the Sagas, instead of re-creating the story for himself out of the materials they provide.

"Frank and Saxon," by George Manville Fenn (S.P.C.K.), is a well-written story of English and French life in the 16th century, telling the adventures of an English boy, Christopher Dale, and his friend, Jacques Levaud, the son of a French Huguenot. The first half the book has some exciting adventures with robbers both in London and at a lonely country house in Sussex, in which the two boys, strongly contrasted as are their natures, both show themselves brave and resourceful. But the most exciting part of the story comes when

"Chris" accompanies his friend to Paris, where they arrive just before the massacre of St. Bartholomew. They and Master Levaud, the rich Huguenot silk manufacturer, are hard put to it to escape with their lives, but they succeed, thanks in great part to the daring of the English boy, and all reach England in safety. The story of the massacre is vividly told by Mr. Manville Fenn and the whole book is well constructed. All the characters are carefully drawn, and the contrast between the two boys is especially well managed. This is to be reckoned one of the best boys' books of the season.

A story of chivalry in the days of Henry III. is the description of Mr. Edgar Pickering's "A Stout English Bowman" (Blackie), the only fault of which is its lack of originality. The good knight, Sir Bevis le Blonde; the bad knight, my Lord of Farnham; the squire, Harold Godwith, winning back his heritage and his knighthood and executing revenge upon his enemy with lance and battle-axe and sword; the stout Bowman, Wurth; the Jew, the goldsmith and the goldsmith's daughter—all these are stock figures of the romance of chivalry, as written since the days of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Pickering even kills Lord Farnham by a stroke of apoplexy in the lists, like Sir Brian in "Ivanhoe." Apart from this initial defect the story is told with skill, the clash of arms resounds loudly throughout the book, villainy receive its deserts, and valour and virtue are triumphant, as they should be in all properly constructed stories for boys. It is only in later life that we begin to like being made miserable by the romances we read and to abandon ourselves to the grey delights of realism.

In "An Emperor's Doom" (Nelson) Mr. Herbert Hayens breaks new ground. The short-lived Empire of Maximilian in Mexico and the establishment of the Mexican Republic afford plenty of material for a story of adventure, and Mr. Hayens has used this material well. The figure of Maximilian himself is not drawn very distinctly, but the patriots who fight against him are clear enough, and a fairly accurate picture is given of the circumstances of the whole miserable business. The central figures of the book are a young Englishman who is a Mexican subject, Miguel, an Indian of the Aztec race, and Carbonnel, an officer in the Republican army. These three play a large part in the Revolution, but at the end make a desperate attempt to save Maximilian from death, in which of course they fail. The story is too long and the action drags at times, but it has a number of exciting moments and is neatly written.

BEASTS, FAIRIES AND PICTURES

THE report has been put about by travellers that there are no real children in America; therefore the title of this volume, "Little Grown-ups" (Gardner, Darton) seems to suggest the land of its birth. It is essentially a book of pictures in colour by Maud Humphrey, the decorations and the letterpress by Elizabeth Tucker having all the air of an afterthought. The collaboration, as a consequence, is not particularly happy, the daintiness of the coloured plates having to suffer from the manufactured story which is attached. It is sometimes advisable to forego all explanatory letterpress. That is the plan adopted by Sybil Corbet, the four-year-old author of "Animal Land where there are no People" (Dent). There is, however, a preface by Mr. Andrew Lang, which he counsels grown-ups not to read. That is his little joke. So we disregarded the modest request, hoping thereby to meet some old friends, such as Joan of Arc and John Knox. In this we were disappointed; but that is not the reason why we dislike the gruesome animals pictured in this book. We detest them in their own right, and can only wonder that Mr. Lang, who is a lover of the wholesome and the beautiful, should play godfather to such morbid monstrosities. Much more interesting, both as natural history and as nonsense, is the volume of rhymes and pictures, entitled "More Beasts for Worse Children" (Arnold). It is, perhaps, not so quaint as its predecessor, "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," but if the drawings are not so effective as they might be, the information and the moral

lesson are above all the ordinary rules of criticism. Here is a verse which should make the very worst boy pause and consider,—

"The Vulture eats between his meals,
And that's the reason why
He very, very seldom feels
As well as you and I.
His eye is dull, his head is bald,
His neck is growing thinner;
Oh! what a lesson for us all
To only eat at dinner!"

There! That is all thoroughly true and convincing; we feel quite sure now that the vulture was not created in vain. But this certainly only makes us more sceptical as to the value of creating the extremely priggish fairies in "A New Book of the Fairies" (Griffith, Farran). When Miss Harraden creates a fairy which comes forward and says, "I feel that I can teach you so many things that will help you in your life," we know at once that the said fairy is a little humbug. Fairies of the right kind never teach anything; therefore, when we are introduced, in this book, to history-fairies, grammar-fairies, and music-fairies, we know, and most children would know, that the schoolma'am is there in an extremely thin disguise. No doubt "The Ships that Pass in the Night" had its vogue, but the present youthful effort by the same author need not have been resurrected to bring discredit upon her reputation. And in any case, the publishers should have seen to it that the illustrations were better than the text; on the contrary, they are worse. It is with real pleasure that we turn to "The Pink Fairy Book" (Longmans). For Mr. Lang and his assistants know the land of Faery, and do not trouble the little folk with useless and trivial information such as they have to learn unwillingly in school-books. The subjects here are all of high moment, and we gladly follow the Hero in his quest of the Princess from adventure to adventure. No doubt the sentimentality of Hans Andersen is just a little trying, but to most children this Pink Book will seem the best book of fairy lore they have ever read—unless they are possessed of the Blue, the Red, and the Yellow. Moreover, the illustrations by H. I. Ford, are, with some exceptions, exceedingly satisfying.

BOOKS FOR BOYS.

MR. G. A. Henty is again to the fore with three rattling stories of military adventure. His industry, his resource and his grip of the widely varying periods with which he deals are remarkable. Long years have in no way diminished the ardour with which he throws himself into the business of writing for the youngsters three or four substantial volumes per annum. Mr. Henty has, however, done one thing this year which may offend those who are intimate with his work. He used to introduce his books with little letters addressed to "My dear lads." He now gives them an ordinary "Preface." The formality strikes one as a complete change of attitude. He no longer seems the genial friend, but an austere and superior person who condescends to write books for us. The whole atmosphere of his work, without the epistolary cordialities, is different. Yet of Mr. Henty's efforts this year we can speak in as warm terms as ever. The educational value of his work is as certain as its interest. "With Moore at Corunna" (Blackie) describes the adventures of an Irish lad, named Terence O'Connor, a perfect prodigy of valour and a born leader of men. Terence, like all his race, is a hard fighter, and amusing withal. He proves himself, as Capt. O'Grady says, "a broth of a boy, with a spice of divilment in him." In Portugal, in order to discharge a commission entrusted to him, he does not hesitate to arrest the officers of the Oporto Junta. Whilst they are his prisoners he places himself at the head of the mob and turns it into a little army, which does big things. That is the sort of proceeding which the British boy loves. In "A March on London" (Blackie), Mr. Henty takes us through the stirring times of Wat Tyler. We see the first signs of a desire for freedom among the English lower orders, and find ourselves in the midst of the troubles in Flanders, due to the rising of Ghent against the Earl of Flanders. The hero, Edgar Ormskirk, is a wild, gallant English lad who renders his sovereign excellent service.

He secures a knighthood, mere boy though he is, and is not afraid to tell King Richard that the best way to make a people loyal and patriotic and mettlesome is to make them free. In Flanders he and his brother-in-arms, Sir Albert de Courcy, prove themselves the doughtiest of knights. "With Frederick the Great" (Blackie) tells the story of the seven years' struggle, maintained by Prussia against Russia, Austria, France, and minor powers. Mr. Henty half apologises for having, in his desire to give an ample idea of the great events with which the book is concerned, devoted a smaller share of space than usual to his hero. The apology is unnecessary. The interest never flags. A less expert pen than Mr. Henty's would have no difficulty in "making things hum" with such material at command as the "Seven Years' War." In this instance the hero is a Scotch lad. "Frederick the Great loves his Scotchmen," says Marshal Keith. It will be seen that Mr. Henty keeps the national susceptibilities of youth in view. His three leading heroes are respectively Irish, English, and Scotch. "Gallant little Wales" must make her choice among the three. The books are well illustrated.

"The Adventures of a Stowaway," by Fred. Wishaw (Griffith, Farran) is a varied, exaggerated, exciting, harmless, well-written account of a little lad's adventures at school, and later, on the high seas, at Suakim, and in India. Young Attley's mother and father go to India, and he is sent to Toddlestone to school, but he finds life intolerable so long as his mother is "in one continent whilst he is in another." He runs away, gets on to a boat going to Bombay, becomes mixed up in a plot connected with an Italian singer's jewels, undergoes some startling adventures in company with a momentarily misled steward who is anxious to restore the treasure to its owner, and in the end learns that the jewels are only paste. The most amusing thing is, however, that the Maharajah to whom they were sold by the thief refuses to accept his money back and give them up. With an Eastern cunning which o'erleaps itself, he thinks he sees in the offer an attempt to secure re-possession of jewels worth much more than he gave for them.

Mr. F. M. Holmes, in "The Gold Ship" (Sampson Low) seems determined at any cost to crowd in incident. He flouts probabilities in all cases and goes to extremes with a sort of assurance that anything less will not tickle the palate of the boy reader of the present day. When once we realise that he means to stick at nothing, we give ourselves up to a perusal of his heroes' adventures, trusting only that he will find some apparently impossible way out of impossible situations, so that all may end well. Ships blaze and sink; boys do wondrous deeds and change vessels with bewildering frequency; mutineers secure the upper hand and prove themselves brutes and incapables; and small boats exhibit qualities more amazing even than those of the small boys. All this sort of thing has been done to an extent again and again with the regularity of the coming of Christmas time, and with a slight shuffling of scenery it always serves its purpose. Mr. Holmes, however, has one absolutely original conception, so far as our knowledge—which is both extensive and peculiar—goes. He makes the fiends who have secured control of the "Anne Boleyn" punish a lad who has offended a negro-cook, by binding his hands behind him and imprisoning him in "the freezer," with the carcasses of sheep. That is at least an up-to-date form of brutality.

Mr. Charles H. Eden's "Afloat with Nelson" (Macqueen) is a book with a purpose. It aims at giving British lads an idea of "the greatest of our naval heroes," and is to form the first of a series dealing with British admirals. Such a series, well done, could not fail to be of national service. It would serve to convey an abiding impression of the means by which the British Empire was built up, and it should serve to educate the future men of Great Britain to the meaning of sea power. Mr. Eden is hardly wise to defend himself by anticipation against criticism on account of his having ignored the less admirable side of Nelson's career. In a book of this sort, no one is likely to ask him to portray Nelson's private peccadilloes, and to apologise for having omitted to deal with them is the most effectual way of drawing attention to them.

This was the more unnecessary because although Nelson is more or less *en évidence* throughout the book, the interest centres in Jack Brandon and the rascal Croucher. The latter's treachery is defeated by Jack in the opening of the story at Silversands, and he is shot in the end by Jack's orders in the mizzen-top of the "Redoubtable," whence came the bullet which laid Nelson low.

It is not an easy task to make the antique world live again for the benefit of young people, but the Rev. Alfred J. Church has commanded a considerable measure of success in this direction. His "Lords of the World" (Blackie) will take its place among his best efforts. It describes the fall of Carthage and Corinth, and the struggles of a young Greek, one Cleanor, to stem the advance of the all-conquering Roman. Mr. Church has taken liberties with dates—to which he confesses—but the picture he gives of the pre-Christian days with which he deals loses none of its essential verisimilitude on that score.

"For the Flag" (Sampson Low), translated from the French of Jules Verne by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, has all the distinguishing characteristics of the author. He is the most precisely improbable fictionist living. His wildest scheme is developed with a scientific show which gives it a quaint air of reality. Count d'Artigas, who proves to be the chief of a terrible band of pirates, and M. Roch, the inventor of the most appalling death-dealing instrument ever discovered, are essentially children of Jules Verne's fertile fancy. The abduction of the inventor by the pirate opens up possibilities of which the author makes the most. In their island stronghold of Backcup the pirates are about to be attacked by a French squadron when, for the sake of the French flag, M. Roch blows up half the island and the whole pirate crew. His secret dies with him. It should be said that the illustrations are numerous and interesting.

"The Black Disc," by Albert Lee (Digby, Long), is a story of the conquest of Granada, full of romantic incident. It deals with the loves of Spanish nobles and beautiful Moorish maidens, and affords an insight into both the outlawry and the chivalry which marked the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. The story suffers somewhat from being told in the first person singular, but the period affords a capital setting for the adventures of such characters as Don Salazar, Count Ramon, and the Lady Valadata.

"The game of life as it was played elsewhere than in the lanes of Essex" in the days of Queen Anne, forms the basis of "Tom Tufton's Travels," by E. Everett-Green (Nelson). "Tom Tufton's Travels" is, in its way, one of the best books of this season. It describes the adventures of a reckless, misguided country lad, who comes to London at a time when the town is expecting the return of Marlborough from Blenheim. He sees a good deal of London life under the auspices of a mysterious Lord Claud, whom he joins in a mission to carry dispatches from the Duke of Marlborough to the Duke of Savoy, and he takes part in a highway robbery, for which he is "wanted." Vigorous and exciting as it is there is nothing unhealthy or melodramatic about the book. It is well written and well illustrated.

Miss Everett-Green's "Battledown Boys" (Sunday School Union) on the other hand is not up to the mark. It strives to make the relations of the tenant and landlord—or rather the landlord's agent—of Battle Farm entertaining, but succeeds only in being rather silly. Some of the incidents in the book may serve the purpose of rousing the emotions of folk who find feverish excitement in a storm in a tea-cup, but even they will have to shut their eyes to much.

"The Three Admirals," by the late W. H. G. Kingston (Griffith, Farran) needs no recommendation to the majority of purchasers of books for prizes and presents. They will probably have read and enjoyed it long ago. It is the continuation, and conclusion, of the series which commenced with "The Three Midshipmen," and is one of the writer's best. The present volume belongs of course to a new issue.

There is plenty of dash and fun in "Soldiers of the Queen," by Harold Avery (Nelson), which opens with a most amusing battle between tin soldiers, and closes with an account of the attempt to relieve Gordon in Khartoum.

Gold is as great a magnet to the prospector in the domain of fiction as in the desert of Western Australia or the Arctic wilds of the Yukon. "The Lost Gold of the Montezumas," by William O. Stoddard (Hodder & Stoughton), suggests great things, calculated to lure the oldest critical hand by promise of rich finds. Nor will Mr. Stoddard disappoint him. He permits just one exciting glimpse of the gold stowed away in the mysterious cavern of Huitzelopochtli, and we understand that this is the lost treasure concerning which Cortez got into trouble. Certain brave borderers find it, only to fall victims to the Mexicans and to die without revealing the whereabouts of the hidden treasure. The Indian names and the relations of the aboriginal Red-man to Spanish-Mexicans and Texans are at first a little confusing. But the hidden treasure holds our interest throughout, and we endorse Crockett's sage remark, "Just a smell o' gold 'd fetch the immigrants like blazes." It will "fetch" readers also.

Mr. E. Glanville in "Tales from the Veld" warns us that Uncle Abe has a "gift of imagination." These tales are very amusing, and show knowledge of the conditions under which Colonists at the Cape lived three-quarters of a century ago. Uncle Abe is "a narrator of most extraordinary yarns." So says his author. In the art of sheer, downright fibbing, Uncle Abe would be hard to beat. He would have made a first-rate fisherman.

"The Union Jacks" (Gardner, Darton) is a slight story detailing the forming of a Union Jack Society among the boys at Mr. Burnet's school-house for the suppression of bullying. The need of such a league goes to show that there were lively times for some of the youngsters previous to its being called into existence.

"Heroes of the Chitral Siege," by Alice F. Jackson (S.P.C.K.), is an unpretentious account of the siege and relief of Chitral given in story form.

Mr. E. Harcourt Burrage in "The Vanished Yacht" (Nelson), maintains a double line of interest. A yacht is stolen from the harbour of Little Crampton by a Spaniard with the object, as the owner learns, of discovering a hoard of treasure hidden by a Swiss adventurer in California. The owner in another vessel goes in pursuit, and meets with many adventures on the way round South America. Both the treasure and the stolen yacht are ultimately secured by the hero.

Dr. Stables, with "the white North," Scotch laddies and dogs for his material, may be trusted to tell a fairly good story. The scene in his latest volume, "A Fight for Freedom" (Nisbet), varies between Scotland, "the land of the free," and Russia with its tyrannies, its Siberia, and its Saghalin. Dr. Stables has been studying Mr. Harry de Windt's latest writings on the Russian convict system, and utilises the information contained therein with effect, although so far as we can see without acknowledgment. He takes his facts from Mr. de Windt, and his principles from the late Mr. Stepniak. British boys will appreciate their freedom all the more for the insight Dr. Stables permits them into the horrors of the Russian régime.

"Jack's Mate," by Mr. M. B. Cox (Gardner, Darton), is a tale of cowboys and adventure on the prairies and in the Rockies. It is a very good story, well written and full of the spirit of open-air life, though its characters are familiar. Jack is the son of a ranch owner; his mate is a young Englishman who is under a cloud, and the two stick to each other through thick and thin through many adventures until at last they strike a rich find of gold in the Rockies and the honour of Jack's mate is restored to him by the confession of a criminal. Adventures with horses, adventures with cattle, a capture of cattle thieves, a rush from a prairie fire, an escape from villainous gold miners and similar incidents provide plenty of healthy excitement, and there is a love story as well to add to the variety. Jack and Brian are both brave and manly fellows and deserve all they get, and though there is no preaching, the influence of the book upon the boys who read it cannot fail to be thoroughly healthy and invigorating.

Mr. Fred Wishaw follows in the footsteps of Mr. Rider Haggard and gives us a South African story in "The White Witch of the Matabele" (Griffith, Farran). He improves upon his predecessor, however, by leaving out all pretentiousness and fine language

The White Witch is an English boy who is carried off by Matabele warriors when a baby and grows up a savage under the name of Umkopo. His superior powers and intelligence, aided by the possession of a piece of a looking-glass with which he makes lightning, a rifle and a revolver, procure for him the reputation of a great medicine-man amongst the natives, and during the Matabele war and the subsequent risings he is of great service to the colonists. He is ultimately found by his parents and brought back to civilisation. The idea is an ingenious one and is well worked out by Mr. Whishaw, Umkopo being an odd mixture of childish vanity and real pluck. His adventures are decidedly thrilling at times and amusing at others.

"For Treasure Bound," by Harry Collingwood (Griffith), is a capital sea-story, novel in its conception and admirably carried out. Take a ten-ton cutter built to take the sea in all weathers; put on board her two expert seamen, one with a knowledge of navigation, the other a hardened old salt whom even a Cape Horn gale does not daunt; send them all the way from Weymouth to an island in the Pacific in their cockleshell of a boat to look for buried treasure, and bring them back rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and you have a book such as any boy with a taste for the sea will love. Mr. Collingwood knows all about the sailing of a small boat, and he takes us across the Atlantic, round Cape Horn, across the Pacific and home again round the Cape of Good Hope without a single incredible moment. Even the encounter of the little "Water Lily" with a pirate brig of two hundred tons and the discomfiture of the latter, with its subsequent complete destruction, leave us fervent believers.

In "The Homeward Voyage" (S.P.C.K.) Mr. Collingwood is on different ground, but his story is as well constructed and as exciting as any one can wish. We have already seen somewhere the idea of a ship that is captured by thieves who have got on board her as passengers. But the ingenuity with which this idea is worked out by Mr. Collingwood is all his own. Moreover his characters are not mere puppets, as the *dramatis personæ* of boys' books are a little apt to be. Amos P. Smith, the leader of the gang of thieves who capture the "Fiery Cross" with her cargo of two million pounds worth of gold is cleverly drawn; and retired Lieut. Fortescue, R.N., who single handed saves both ship and gold from the thieves, is equally real and credible. Mr. Collingwood's technical knowledge of seamanship, his power of constructing a logical and coherent plot, and his distinct gift of story-telling, should win for him a reputation as a writer of sea-stories for children of larger growth as well as for boys.

"Skeleton Reef," by Hugh St. Leger (Partridge), is another story of adventure in the Pacific, but it is written on the orthodox and rather hackneyed model. Jack Rollock runs away to sea from school, and is ingeniously cast away in the Pacific with another boy. All their adventures are of the boyish sort: for instance, the bully of the school turns up as supercargo of a ship whose main business is the kidnapping of natives, and of course after nearly killing Jack he meets with his deserts at the hands of a British man-of-war. There are hairbreadth escapes from being killed and eaten, a Robinson Crusoe episode and the like, and the whole story is well if not brilliantly told.

In all Dr. Gordon Stables' books for boys we are sure to find a wholesome tone, plenty of instruction, and abundance of adventure, but, if we may say so, he allows the didactic spirit to be a little too evident at times. Books for boys may be divided into two classes: those which are intended to do the youngsters good, and those which aim merely at amusing them. The first class has always a tendency to become goody-goody, the second often degenerates into the penny dreadful. The best kind of all is represented by stories which do not aim directly at instruction, but still in the telling arouse in a boy's mind respect and admiration for manliness, honour, and skill. In "The Naval Cadet" (Blackie), Dr. Stables approaches very nearly to this ideal, but at times the desire to impart "useful information" is a little too visible. The best part of the book is the introduction, depicting life in the Hebrides. Afterwards there is plenty of adventure on board the gunboat "Rattler" and the frigate "Osprey"

in all parts of the world, and at the end there is a good description of the great naval battle at Yalu between China and Japan. This will give our boys, who already know enough of how battles were fought on sea in the days of the wooden walls, some idea of what future naval warfare will be like.

But in "The Island of Gold" (Nelson), Dr. Stables has abandoned the class of sea-story in which he is most at home. So long as he is dealing with life on board a man-of-war he is successful enough, but when he sets out to write a story of treasure-hunting in the Pacific he fails both in invention and in style. In "The Island of Gold" as in "The Naval Cadet," the first part, describing Ransey Tansey's life as a country ragamuffin in the Midlands, is by far the best. When he gets us into the Pacific amongst man-eating savages, volcanoes, and gold mines, he loses his hold upon the story. Throughout he writes down to his youthful readers much too ostensibly, and he is far too didactic and goody-goody.

"In the Swing of the Sea," by J. Macdonald Oxley (Nisbet), is another of the goody-goody sort of boys' books. Ralph Newton starts off as an apprentice on board a whaler, but there is no boy of our acquaintance who will not be sorely disappointed when he turns missionary. The life on board a whaling ship is well done, and has plenty of excitement, but the rest of the book is tame and half-hearted. Ralph Newton is so much of a prig and preaches so pertinaciously that instead of being delighted at his hairbreadth escapes we rather regret that he does not achieve martyrdom early in the book.

Mr. Frank Cowper is well known as a writer of yachting books, and in "Jack-All-Along: His Cruises" (Upcott Gill) he gives an interesting account of his solitary voyages in a small yacht; interesting, that is to say, to any one, boy or grown-up, who cares for sailing. Those who do not know the difference between the foresail and the foresheet will doubtless find the book a little dull.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"THE Zone of Fire" (Pearson), by Headon Hill, will delight the bloodthirsty schoolboy of any age. It has a plot of desperate ingenuity and some dozen startling *dénouements*. For the exigencies of the story, an ex-detective has to be enlisted into the ranks and drafted to fight Dervishes and "shadow" the villains, of whom there is a pleasing variety. Everything ends in the most satisfactory and neatly rounded manner, doing credit alike to the author's head and heart.

"Wee Doggie" (Nelson), by Elizabeth Traice, is what it sounds, the story of a dog, very prettily and brightly written for real children.

"Bushy" (Chapman), by Cynthia Westover, is described as "the adventures of a girl," by the author, who goes on to state that "the whole picture is a truthful one." If this may be taken to mean that any little girl has literally performed the feats attributed to Bushy, then a heroine exists before whom V.C.'s should hang their heads and Stanhope medallists be silent. Probably the general fidelity of the type is all that is vouched for. Little girls will read with bated breath how Bushy put out a burning lantern in a mine, protected a man threatened with lynching, saved a party of miners from a snow-slide, pulled her father out of a flood, caught a rattle-snake by the throat and afterwards sliced off the finger-tip that it poisoned, killed a buffalo, shot Indians, lariatied ruffians, wrestled successfully with grown lads, and in general set herself to enrapture the schoolroom and make it gasp. It is charmingly written, though the English is occasionally erratic, as "he quit wriggling about," "the baby that was most dead," and "leaning way over" will suffice to show.

"Martin Luther" (The Sunday School Union), by E. Velvin, gives a short history of Luther's life and doctrines, told simply and well.

"Nell's School Days" (Blackie), by H. G. Gethen, is a pleasant, ordinary book for girls, with a handsome outside and charming illustrations by Mr. John Bacon.

"Two Old Ladies, Two Foolish Fairies and a Tom Cat" (Cassell), by Maggie Browne, treats of the career

of Puss-in-Boots after the marriage of the Marquis of Carabas, a career which has too long been left a mystery. There are delightful pictures.

"Angelica's Troubles" (Sunday School Union), by L. E. Tiddeman and "Miss Merivale's Mistake" (Sunday School Union), by Mrs. Henry Clarke, are two nice little books with sound morals, not too obtrusive. It is a distinct joy when Mrs. Clarke's snobbish Miss Smythe turns out to be the grocer's granddaughter, and gets sadly snubbed.

The same touch that gives their unique character to Miss Fiona MacLeod's "grown-up" books, has filled "The Daughter of Peterkin" (Westminster: Constable, 1897), a book for children, with delicate, mournful charm and Celtic poetry, intensely sad and musical. Beautiful though the style may be, and it tempts one to make an extract from almost every page, we do not recommend the book as one to be bought by parents and given to children. If the parents wish to be mesmerised by breathing the extraordinarily passionate atmosphere revelled in by Miss MacLeod, let them read the legends themselves and keep them for their undeniable poetic beauty. But we should prefer for the nation's children that they should be steeped to the lips in the crude goriness of a hundred Jack-the-Giant-killers rather than that they should be able to enter into the joys and sorrows of these fervid, melancholy lovers. To be healthy is to be Philistine, we have agreed: but which of us but tries his best that the child shall be Philistine and remain so? Rather a thousand times the inartistic wolf that gobbled Red Riding-Hood up than "the she-wolf whining in the dusk of the sorrows that flit through the woods." Rather

"Hey-diddle-diddle
The cat and the fiddle,"

than

"For here where all the dreams of men are whirled."
One cannot treat a child's book solely from the literary point of view.

"Olga," by Vin. Vincent (Griffith, Farran), treats of the familiar subject of a misunderstood parent whose reserve has hidden his fatherly affection till his children cannot realise that there is any of it to hide. It is a pretty and rather pathetic little tale, well told, except for occasional grammatical faults. The little Viscount's conversion is perhaps a trifle too complete; but children like these things done thoroughly.

"Ida from India" (Griffith, Farran), by Mrs. Herbert Martin, was certainly a startling visitor for any quiet country home. She gets into every imaginable scrape and danger and only tones down (after a severe illness) under the influence of a very delightful family of merry, but less uncivilised young people who take her in hand. Silvia, the eldest of this family, is natural and prettily drawn. It is a pleasant book.

"The Luck of the Eardleys" (Blackie), by Sheila Braine, turns on the strikingly improbable finding of a diamond necklace which has lain hidden "since Charles I. was King." It is not a regular, rollicking child's book like the author's "To tell the King the Sky is falling," but is bright and readable in its way. There are good illustrations.

"A Daughter of Erin" (Blackie), by Violet Finny, is rather a young girl's novel than a book for children. The heroine is a pretty Irish girl whose home descends by law, at her father's death, to the hated usurper-cousin whom she, of course, falls in love with and marries. It is harmless and a little commonplace.

"Canterbury's Waxworks" (The Sunday School Union), by Amy Miller, is a quaint little tale of some wonderful waxworks with a small girl for exhibitor and a small boy assistant who grows up and marries her.

"Little Queen Esther" (The Sunday School Union), by the author of "Queen of a Day" is very cheap and harmless stuff, hardly worth the dignity of "boards."

"Our Girls' Book of Plays," (Gardner, Darton), by M. Cooper, will be found very useful in the school-room. The plays are bright, simple, and short, and carefully planned so as not to be over-exacting in the way of scenery and costume and to require few characters.

"The King's Daughter" (The Sunday School Union), by "Pansy" takes the "Temperance" line very hotly, but is an entertaining little tale enough. The heroine

lectures everybody, but has a sense of humour which saves the book.

"English Ann" (Gardner, Darton), is charming. Ann is a pretty schoolgirl, brimful of thoroughly British prejudice and condemned to associate with Germans. The way "the Fatherland" wins her heart is prettily told, the finishing touch is very effective. Ann is discovered to be of purely German parentage, after all!

"Jenny" (Gardner, Darton), by Mrs. Edward Cartwright has a family of delightfully naughty children in it who speedily contaminate the meek Jenny. Little girls of ten or so will gloat over the "scrapes" that ensue.

Yet another Andersen! This time an imposing one, with an anonymous memoir of the author. Messrs. Bliss & Sands publish it, and there are sixteen clever illustrations by Mr. W. H. Robinson. A prefatory note states that "the edition is a *verbatim* reprint of the 1846 edition, and of the remaining thirty-one tales of the second edition of 1852." The print is not very good; but with Hans Andersen, the difficulty is to get him into one book that shall have clear print and yet not spread to too cumbrous a thickness for little wrists. We should like to see the tales split up into two light volumes, which we believe has not been tried as yet.

"A Book of Verses for Children," compiled by Edward Verrall Lucas (Grant Richards), and "The Flamp, and other Stories," which comes from the same author and publisher, may be acknowledged to be among the very best children's books of the year. The collection of verse is admirable. It is quite a loss to have spent one's own childhood without the delicious *naïveté* of Elizabeth Turner and her tragic anecdotes. "The Friends of Little Mary Green" should be a classic. Besides the more or less comic element, which perhaps preponderates, Mr. Lucas tries his audience with the real thing. Browning, Coleridge, Scott, and Longfellow are drawn upon, but there is not a verse in the whole collection over the heads of children. The book is very handsome and dainty, with few but charming illustrations. Mr. Lucas's book of stories is the first of a quaint little series which calls itself "Dumpy Books for Children." The future contributors will have a high level to live up to. The first story is far the best of the three that make the volume. "The Flamp" should be a popular best.

"Those Dreadful Twins" (T. Fisher Unwin), by Themselves, purports to be the adventures of two jolly youngsters with a taste for sea-going and mischief, told in their own words. Whoever may be responsible for it, boys will delight in the book.

"Stories for Children" (Gardner, Darton), by Mrs. Molesworth, takes clause by clause of the Lord's Prayer and illustrates each one with a very readable little story. Her pleasant style is familiar to all English-speaking children. The book has splendid print and illustrations by no less than four artists.

"Bob and His Rabbits" (The Sunday School Union), by Emma Leslie, has for sub-title "A False Start in Life," so that the title-page fully describes it.

"The Bear's Kingdom" (The Sunday School Union), by Eva Rogers, is a fairy tale with pictures so full of wonders and horrors that no little child could resist them. The tale is clever, too.

"Adventures in Toyland" (Blackie), by Edith Hall, is a sumptuous, expensive-looking book, with admirable illustrations. The ground it covers has been often covered before, but the toys' adventures make amusing reading.

"Just Forty Winks" (Blackie), by Hamish Hendry, has plenty of fun in it, and is very attractively got up and illustrated. The artist, Miss Gertrude Bradley, should go far: her work is capital and full of humour.

"Micky Magee's Menagerie" (Cassell), by S. Hamer, swarms with weird beasts and appropriate verses.

"The Story of a Red Deer" (Macmillan), by the Hon. J. W. Fortesque, is pretty and imaginative, with plenty of natural history wrapped up in a lively tale.

"Candlewicks" (Elliot Stock), by Caroline Tilbury, describes itself as "a year of thoughts and fancies." For each of the 365 days there is a dainty motto or verse, or even set of verses, not shorn from some familiar author with callous mutilation of the context, but original to the author and well thought out. Some-

times the modest verses have more than a touch of real poetry, as in "Stillness is in the woods, the winds are still," and sometimes they show no little humour. It makes a pretty gift-book, with its "spluttered" ferns that take one back to the years of one's childhood.

Volume III. of "Walter Crane's Picture Books" (Lane) need hardly be described as artistic in a high degree. It is a re-issue, and deals with Cinderella's history in picture and verse.

Messrs. Jarrold's "Painting Books for the Little Busybody" will be appreciated while children continue to love dabbling with water and paint. This is predicting a long future for them.

CHRISTMAS MAGAZINES.

THE Quiver for this year has a good frontispiece and the usual number of very fair illustrations between its sober brown covers. There is an extra shade of loyalty pervading its contents, in honour of the Jubilee, and Sir Lewis Morris bursts into enthusiastic verse, in which he describes Her Majesty as being "dim with tears." "Poverty in Gloves" is an interesting series of articles, in which Mrs. (or Miss) Sparrow gives details of her experience among the pathetically "genteel" poor, borne down to starvation with their "better days" clinging to them. "Her Bit of Money," by Jane Barlow, and "The Old Lovers," by Katherine Tynan, are worthy of notice.

The "Leisure Hour" gives a very creditable frontispiece with every monthly number, which adds greatly to the effect of the bound volume. The contents are nothing if not instructive. We have quite a liberal education in Science smatterings, and under the heading of "Continental Notes" we may learn how the Lapps are a vanishing people and what meerschaum pipes are made of. There are long stories and short stories for the frivolous. In fact, as the index will show at a glance, there is more than a little of nearly everything. This same index reminds us of the A.B.C. railway-guide: nothing could be easier to understand—if only it were always right!

The "Sunday at Home" is big and scarlet and comely, with many effective coloured illustrations. Miss Everett-Green contributes a readable serial. Sir Edward Maunde Thompson has an interesting article on "The Egyptian Book of the Dead." Mr. Newland's East-end sketches are worth reading. For the rest, the definitely religious element of course predominates, represented by the Rev. G. Barrett, D.D., and many others.

The "Century Magazine" looks excessively demure in its dark green suit, with no colour either inside or out, but the generally instructive nature of it is happily tempered with some excellently funny short stories, among which we were particularly amused by "The Flirting of Mr. Nickins," by Lucy S. Furman, and "How Sarah paid for Peace," by Margaret Sutton Briscoe. There is an unusually large amount of verse, most of it up to a fairly high level.

We have before us two annual volumes of "Sunday" which are duplicates except where the quality of the binding, &c., is concerned, one volume shrinking behind a cheap cover and giltless edges, the other blazing in magnificence. It is a bright little paper and popular with children, for whom the days of the unimpeachably dull "Sunday book" are nearly over.

"The Girls' Own Annual" is well up to its usual mark, with contributions by Mrs. Walford, Sarah Doudney and others, many of whose portraits beam from the inside of the cover. "Margaret Bateson" has some distinctly edifying papers on the burning question of "how girls may earn a pound a week," and there is much that is practical as well as pleasant from the pens of the other contributors, who are mainly women, as one would naturally expect.

"St. Nicholas" is always charming, and this year more so than ever. The pictures are delightful and the stories full of fun. "Leading Strings" does its best for the quite little folk who will not be over-critical of the full-page illustrations and will appreciate the "animal stories," written in easy language for them to spell out for themselves.

"The Home Blessing," "Dawn of Day," and "The Silver Link" are cheaply got-up volumes with some

fairly good stories of the inflexibly moral, non-humorous order.

Between the "Boys' Own Annual" and "Chums" yearly volume there is not very much to choose, though if a choice has to be made we think the "B. O. P.," as its friends love to call it, must have the preference. It maintains the reputation for excellence which it has enjoyed for nearly twenty years. It is ever the same, yet ever fresh, and to the boy of the present must be as full of delight as it was to the boy who eagerly put his penny down for it in the late seventies. Such veterans as Mr. G. A. Henty, Mr. Ascott R. Hope, and Mr. David Ker contribute excellent serials. There are innumerable short stories and essays of an entertaining or practical character, and some capital coloured plates. In regard to the quality of its coloured plates, the "B. O. P." is rather ahead of "Chums." On the side of fiction the latter easily holds its own. Mr. George Manville Fenn, Mr. Arthur J. Daniells, Mr. H. Barrow-North, Mr. S. Walkey, Mr. J. K. Leys, and other contributors are never at a loss for rousing situations. A noteworthy series of papers to which "Chums" gives prominence deals with the Fire Brigade, and tells some of the stories of heroism and daring which are associated with the body of gallant fellows controlled by Commander Wells. The element of fun runs strongly through "Chums" pages. In "Young England," though published by the Sunday School Union, there is little of the goody-goody. On the contrary, its pages are marked by considerable vigour. Two serials by Mr. David Ker and Mr. K. M. Eady are as full of go as the most insatiable of arm-chair adventurers could desire. A series of articles by Mr. Arthur Temple describes "Our Great Living Generals." As a volume "Young England" enjoys an advantage over both "Chums" and the "Boys' Own" in the matter of size. It is much more easily handled.

RECENT FICTION.

"The Captive of Pekin; or, A Swallow's Wing." By Charles Hannan. London: Jarrold. 1897.

THE only incident worth mentioning in this story is the finding, in Brussels, by the supposed narrator, of a swallow with a message under its wing from a captive in Pekin. The narrator set out and of course eventually rescues the captive after the very adventures which the least imaginative among us would foresee. There is not much to condemn in the book. It is couched in passable English, and, for those who like the sort of thing, is just the sort of thing which such people like. But it is a wholly unnecessary narrative, and deplorably commonplace. As it concerns China, we are naturally treated to elaborate details of torture, and much ink is expended in preparing us for something peculiarly horrible. But we are convinced that the most childlike and bland of Chinamen would be filled with contempt for the tameness of the punishments devised by Mr. Hannan. Mr. Savage Landor or the late M. Stambulov should have been invited to collaborate. Drops of molten lead on a bald head are no doubt painful, but we cannot reconcile them with our notion of Chinese ingenuity, and even the "torture of the white bird," which Mr. Hannan parades as his masterpiece, fails to give us cold shivers in the small hours. And when he is sanguine enough to expect that details of the tiresome old-fashioned bastinado will move us to horror, we feel bound to take him seriously to task. Mr. Hannan is certainly not an observant person, for he labours under the delusion that bald men can never grow beards, and his typical Englishmen are quite as unsatisfactory as his typical Chinese. His code of ethics also leaves to be desired, for he is loudly indignant that so natural an action as the strangling of a Chinese priest in his own temple should have provoked reprisals. And there are many evidences of carelessness, which prove that the book was never meant to be regarded as a serious literary effort. For instance, most of the tortures are imposed because the captive's real name cannot be extorted from him, but the author of the book forgets that the author of the tortures had long previously intercepted a swallow bearing a message with the captive's signature attached. Were the book a pioneer of its kind, we might recommend it for

railway reading, but in the presence of so many superior rivals we can only warn its readers against the possibility of disappointment.

"The Temple of Folly: chapters from the book of Mr. Fairfax, the Franciscan, truthfully, and for the first time, setting forth his entire relations with that curious, evil brotherhood." Edited by Paul Creswick. London: Unwin. 1897.

The style and local colour are excellent and the interest is well sustained, but the subject is ill-chosen and we hope for larger satisfaction from further work by the same pen. The "Temple of Folly" is the Abbey of Medmenham, the headquarters of the Hell Fire Club, and the author evidently counts much upon the curiosity of prurient minds. This curiosity, however, he is careful not to satisfy, and there is nothing on any page which could arouse a blush. His success, therefore, as an entertaining and at the same time a delicate artist prompts us to sigh that he did not eschew a topic which he had not the courage to justify. Perhaps the most charming part of the book is that which precedes our introduction to the Temple of Folly. We find a piquant tomboy girl, a highwayman's daughter, who disguises herself as her own brother and combines admirable pluck with fascinatingly feminine qualities. We should be impatient with the hero for not preferring her to a comparatively commonplace young lady, were he not so fresh and captivating a character throughout. The book is healthily breezy and evinces a spirit of good-hearted chivalry, though the denunciations of cock-fighting may be deemed mawkish by many. It is also a pity that closer attention has not been paid to the rudiments of grammar. "To tone down *we* men," for instance, reads strangely, when it comes direct from the narrator, who is not presumed to be illiterate.

"In the Days of Good Queen Bess: the Narrative of Sir Adrian Trafford, Knight, of Trafford Place, in the County of Suffolk." Edited by Robert Haynes Cave. London: Burns. 1897.

This is a slight historical novel, which does not stray far from the beaten track. Without attaining to great merit, it contrives to interest an easily satisfied reader and to charm others by its high tone and cultured style. From the author's point of view, it should, however, perhaps, have been styled "Black Bess" rather than "Good Queen Bess." He admits in his introduction that the Reformation was an uprising against authority, and that Elizabeth racked and disembowelled Catholics, and, intentionally or not, he depicts the Queen in an unattractive light. On his last page he seeks to set forth the usual apologies for her, but succeeds only in damning with faint praise. Indeed, we are by no means sure that the title is not more or less ironical, but, if so, Mr. Cave must be congratulated upon his skilful diplomacy, for there is nothing in his story calculated to irritate even an avowed Protestant.

"A Girl's Awakening." By J. H. Crawford. London: Macqueen. 1897.

Much of Mr. Crawford's writing is pleasing, and recalls how "twas brillig and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe;" but what is "a feathered conscience," and why had the postman gooseberry eyes? We are glad to note that Mr. Crawford is acquainted with quite a number of real trees, besides the "bour" tree. He almost makes up for his paucity of characters and his lack of imagination by his careful catalogue of elms and oaks and firs, and the minutest details of their behaviour under all possible circumstances.

"Major Carlile." By Hattie Foll. London: Digby, Long. 1897.

A certain crudeness of treatment here bewrays the beginner, and the plot is laughably trite. Yet are we not wholly disconcerted. The Major is a gentleman, the descriptions of fishing are by no means bad, and we should not be surprised if the author found favour some day with a public which has grown over-tolerant of triviality.

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REVIEWS.

WILLIAM MORRIS'S PROSE.

"The Water of the Wondrous Isles." By William Morris. London: Longmans. 1897.

THE Water of the Wondrous Isles" was finished by Morris about a year before his death, and is the last work but one on which he was engaged; "The Sundering Flood," now being printed at the Kelmscott Press, having been finished only three weeks before his death. Like the other prose romances which preceded it, "The Water of the Wondrous Isles" is a romance, and not an allegory; and it is not perhaps needless to quote, once and for all, the final statement made by Morris himself in a letter to the "Spectator," dated 16 July, 1895; a statement which, made in reference to a single one of the prose romances, holds good in reference to them all. "I had not," he wrote, "the least intention of thrusting an allegory into the Wood beyond the World: it is meant for a tale pure and simple, with nothing didactic about it. If I have to write or speak on social problems I always try to be as direct as I possibly can be. On the other hand, I should consider it bad art in any one writing an allegory not to make it clear from the first that that was his intention, and not to take care throughout that the allegory and the story should interpenetrate, as does the great Master of Allegory, Bunyan."

Morris was a poet, never more truly a poet than when he wrote in prose; and it was because he was a poet that he resented the imputation of writing allegories. Allegory is the prose writer's substitute for symbol; and, in its distressing ingenuity, it resembles what it aims at as closely as the marionette resembles his less methodical brother, man. Without the indwelling symbol, art is no more than a beautiful body without breath; but this breath, this flame, this indestructible and fragile thing, need be no more visible in the work of art than the actual breath of our nostrils, which needs the frost before it shows us its essential heat. To Morris art was a peculiar, absorbing, quite serious kind of play, in which the stanza of a poem, an acanthus on a wall-paper, a square of stitches in tapestry, a paragraph of prose, were all of precisely equal importance, and, in a way, equal lack of importance. He was in love with the beauty of the world, and he loved the beauty of the world joyously, as no one of our time has been simple enough and pure enough and strong enough to do. And he loved all visible beauty indifferently, as a child does, not preferring the grass to the emerald, nor the lake to the leaf. His many activities, in which it seemed to some of his friends that he scattered his energy too liberally, were but so many expressions of his unbounded delight in beauty, in the unbounded beauty of all the forms of life. He was not a thinker; the time-woven garment of the unseen was too satisfying to him that he should ever have cared to look behind it; but wisdom came to him out of his love of the earth, and a curious pathos, touching one like the sight of wet blossoms or a child's smile, from his apprehension of what is passing, and subject to the dishonour of age, in earthly beauty. His work, then, is a tender re-fashioning of his own vision of the world, of the world as it was to him; that is to say, as it never was, and never will be, in any past or future golden age, to any one who is not a poet, and something of a child, at heart. He takes one "morsel of the world" after another, and it is to him as to Birdalene, in the book, when she awakes: "And it was an early morning of later spring, and the sky was clear blue, and the sun shining bright, and the birds singing in the garden of the house, and in the street was the sound of the early market-folk passing through the streets with their wares; and all was fresh and lovely." He knows that there are "dragons" to be slain; but, knowing that Perseus or St. George is even now coming through the woods or to the sea-shore, he is content, when it is not his turn to strike, merely to pass on, through ways which are none the less beautiful, weaving all these things into pictures, whereby joy may come into the hearts of weary people whose eyes are dim with sorrow and much labour.

"The Water of the Wondrous Isles," like all Morris's prose, is written in that elaborately simple

language, in which the Latin element of English is drawn on as little as possible, and the Saxon element as largely as possible, a language which it has pleased some persons to call a bastard tongue. Artificial, indeed, to a certain extent, it undoubtedly, and very properly, is. Every writer of good prose is a conscious artificer; and to write without deliberately changing the sequence of words as they come into the mind is to write badly. There is no such thing, properly speaking, as a "natural" style; and it is merely ignorance of the mental processes of writing which sometimes leads us to say that the style of Swift, for instance, is more natural than the style of Ruskin. To write so that it may seem as if the words were unpremeditated is at least as artificial a process, and at least as difficult, as to write picturesquely, allowing more liberty to words, in their somewhat unreasonable desire to sparkle, and shoot many colours, and become little unruly orchestras of their own. And so, in regard to Morris's choice of language, it is merely to be noted that he writes a purer English than most people, obtaining an effect of almost unparalleled simplicity, together with a certain monotony, perhaps even greater than that required by style, though without monotony there can be no style. If he occasionally uses a word now obsolete, such as "hight," or a combination now unfamiliar, such as "speech-friend," how numberless are the words of hurried modern coinage from which he refrains! seeming to have read the dictionary, as Pater used to advise young writers to read it, in order to find out the words *not* to use. It is sufficient justification of his style to say that it is perfectly suited to his own requirements, and that it could not possibly suit the requirements of any other writer; being, as it is, so intimate a part of his own personality, of his own vision of things.

And here, as elsewhere, it must be remembered that art, to Morris, was always conventional art, in which the external shape, so carefully seen in nature and so carefully copied, was realised always as line or colour in a pattern, which it was the business of the artist to disentangle from the lovely confusions of growth. Morris was passionate only in his impersonality; in deep passion he was as lacking as he was lacking in profound thought. He loved nature, as I have said, joyously; and nature, apprehended without passion, becomes a kind of decoration. He beheld a golden and green and blue earth, in which the fashion of the world is like that coloured, flat-surfaced thing which the painters before perspective made into pictures. A craftsman's term comes naturally to him when he is speaking of "the green earth and its well-wrought little blossoms and leaves and grass." The beautiful description of Birdalene's body has almost the reflecting coldness of a mirror, so purely is the living beauty of woman seen as a piece of decoration, a tapestried figure in a "well-wrought" green wood. Here and there, tenderness, which is never absent, rises, in the intensity of its pity, into a kind of grave passion, as in these words: "and tender was she of her body as of that which should one day be so sorely loved." And once more, in the accomplishment of love foreseen,—

"And she murmured over him: O friend, my dear, think not that I had will to hide me from thee. All that is here of me is thine, and thine, and thine."

"And she took his hand, and they arose together, and she said: O friend, I fled from thee once and left thee lonely of me because I deemed need drove me to it; and I feared the strife of friends, and confusion and tangle. Now if thou wilt avenge thee on me thou mayst, for I am in thy power. Yet will I ask thee what need will drive thee to leave me lonely?"

"He said: The need of death. But she said: May-happen we shall lie together then, as here to-night we shall lie."

But, for the rest, this book, like the others, is of an equable sweetness, a continual going on, like running water in pale sunlight, never rising or falling, nor varying in colour, nor changing in sound. It is a story, which takes place at a time without a date, in a country without a name, among persons who have the simple, elementary qualities of humanity, the qualities which are older than civilisation, and yet who are shown to us only in conventionalised attitudes and in decorative

costumes. Never was anything so close to nature, and so far from it. I had no notion, when I had finished the book, whether the story had been well told, as the phrase is, or ill told. Meeting, immediately afterwards, a friend and admirer of Morris, I learnt from him that Morris's romances were "rambling." To me, it was as if he had said that a pattern of scroll-work was rambling. Within its limits, the art of the thing had seemed to me flawless. I was in a world which indeed you may refuse to enter, but where, having entered, you have no choice, you can impose no limits but the limits of the design. I find stories as a rule difficult to read, but I read these five hundred pages of prose as easily as if they had been verse, and with the same kind of pleasure. To read such a book is to receive an actual gift of happiness, in this quickened sense of the beauty of life, and of the visible world, without that after-sense of the worm at the fruit's heart, which is left with us by most histories of the doings of humanity.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

GILDING REFINED GOLD.

"Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám—A Paraphrase." By Richard Le Gallienne. London: Grant Richards. 1897.

IT is difficult to enter into the mental condition of the perpetrator of this impertinence to a great English writer. To understand what Mr. Le Gallienne has dared to do, the reader must be reminded of one or two facts. About the year 1853, Edward FitzGerald, under the direction of Prof. Cowell, began to study Persian, and after some experiments with Hafiz and Jami and the "Mantic" of Attar, he settled down to "that remarkable little Fellow," Omar Khayyám. The "Rubáiyát" were not great poetry; FitzGerald even deprecated Prof. Cowell's scorn of him for stooping to the second-rate. But there was something in the spirit of these verses which soothed FitzGerald: "Omar breathes a sort of consolation over me." In 1857 he was "sketching" versions, first in Latin, then in English; presently he invented a stanzaic form analogous to the Tetrastich of the original; in 1859 he put forth, anonymously, that translation of the Astronomer-Poet which ranks as a masterpiece of English poetry, and as one of the treasures of the Victorian age.

This "translation" of FitzGerald's is practically an original work. By the universal verdict of Orientalists it vastly surpasses its original in poetical merit. "Many Quatrains," as FitzGerald said, "are mashed together;" many more are simply invented by the exquisite English poet who decked the dry bones of Omar Khayyám with the flesh of his genius. The form, the spirit, the lovely originality of the whole thing, are FitzGerald's, just as the credit of "Hamlet" belongs to Shakespeare, and not to some possible precursor, the credit of "The Ancient Mariner" to Coleridge and not to that obscure Shelvocke from whom he took the tale. For nearly forty years, under the mantle of Omar Khayyám, Edward FitzGerald's original poem has been moving amongst us, gradually filling the air with its delicious fragrance, gradually winning that praise which is due to a consummate thing done once for all, in absolute perfection.

What, then, is to be concluded about the mental condition of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, a sentimental journalist, author of "If I were God," who dances forward, and jauntily proposes to re-write this perfect poem of FitzGerald's and improve it? He knows Persian, of course, and will at least come closer to the original? By no means; on his own showing Mr. Le Gallienne does not know one word of Persian. He has invented a metre more appropriate to the spirit of the Tetrastich? Not at all; he can form no opinion as to that spirit, for he can neither spell nor scan the words of Omar; he accepts, without modification, the metre invented by FitzGerald. He will, at least, correct the sentiment of the English poet when it fails to represent the thought of the original? Certainly not, for Mr. Le Gallienne boasts as absolute an ignorance of the philosophy as of the language of Persia. What, then, does Mr. Le Gallienne offer to us, what does he propose to do? We can discover no aim whatever, except the proposition to re-write Edward FitzGerald's poem and improve it as poetry!

Let us see how Mr. Le Gallienne succeeds in this bold and perilous enterprise. With nothing in the Persian to support him, in a mere flash of his own unaided genius, FitzGerald invented this,—

"Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light."
This is "improved" by Mr. Le Gallienne as follows,—
"Wake! for the sun, the shepherd of the sky,
Has penned the stars within their fold on high,
And, shaking darkness from his mighty limbs,
Scatters the daylight from his burning eye."

Again, FitzGerald writes,—

"They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great Hunter,—the wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Grave, but cannot break his Sleep."
That has been good enough for most of the poets and critics of our age; it has been quoted times without number, as an example of nobility and music. It is not good enough for Mr. Le Gallienne, who re-writes it thus,—

"The dove shall coo upon your castle wall,
The timorous lizard o'er your head shall crawl—
Who lies so still within this ruined grave?
Why, this was Bahram, noisiest of them all!"

We need not pursue this tiresome investigation further. In some cases Mr. Le Gallienne attains a considerable prettiness, in others he misses the march and dignity of the theme altogether. In every case, we may be thankful to know that he stamps over FitzGerald's grave, but cannot break his sleep. This silly attempt to paint the rose and gild refined gold is doomed to oblivion from its very birth. But what are we to think of the self-knowledge, the modesty, the tact of the rhymester who can bring down upon his head such inevitable ridicule? Mr. Le Gallienne is understood to love the ambulatory paragraph. We offer the following sentence, free of cost, to the gossip columns of the smaller "literary" newspapers,—

"We believe that, encouraged by the reception of his perversion of FitzGerald's 'Omar Khayyám,' Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is actively engaged in re-writing 'In Memoriam.' The metre used by Tennyson will be preserved. Subscriptions are invited to enable Mr. Le G. to persevere in the great labour of his middle life, the re-composition of that very faulty and incoherent, but distinctly precious epic, 'Paradise Lost'; and if this appeal is warmly responded to, Mr. Le G. hopes to spend his old age in re-writing the tragedies of Shakespeare into verse of a softer cadence, and more consistent with the Religion of a Penny-a-liner."

THE LIFE OF PUSEY.

"Life of E. B. Pusey, D.D." By H. P. Liddon, D.D. Edited by the Rev. J. O. Johnston, the Rev. Robert J. Wilson, and the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt. Vol. IV. London: Longmans. 1897.

THIS volume completes one of the most colossal biographies of our time. Dr. Liddon did not live to do more than a part of the work for which he had so carefully prepared himself, even in Pusey's lifetime, by taking notes of conversations, arranging letters, and gathering information from Pusey's own lips. The late Warden of Keble, Dr. Wilson, died in May last, and his place as reviser of the work was taken by Canon Newbolt. The bulk of the present volume is the work of Mr. Johnston, now Principal of Cuddesdon Theological College. The only chapter written by Dr. Liddon is the really beautiful account of Pusey's death and burial, which has all the author's delicacy and distinction of style, while his almost more than filial feeling for Pusey never tempts him into anything like gush or fine writing, or beguiles him out of his resolute restraint. It may be said at once that if the other biographers do not reach the level of this admirable bit of work, they deserve high praise for what they have done. The work is a real biography: the man stands out of these pages clear and life-like, and the reader forms a conception, more and more definite, of one who with whatever limitations was unquestionably a great man. At the same time it is more than a biography; it

is a history of the Oxford movement, the point of view being somewhat different from that of Dean Church; it is a valuable contribution to the history of the Church of England, and in a less degree to the history of the University of Oxford, during the long period of Pusey's residence in the corner of Tom Quad. For this volume deals with Pusey's attitude towards the great problems and controversies which stirred the religious world from 1858 onward.

The first of these was a comparatively small matter: the proposed increase in the stipend of the Professor of Greek, Mr. Jowett. The account here given of Pusey's conduct is so widely different from that set forth in Jowett's "Life," that in justice it should be read by those who may have formed their conclusions from the latter. Here Pusey appears as anxious for the adequate endowment of the chair; but at the same time as (reasonably) of opinion that the University ought to have a voice in the appointment in return for its contribution to the payment; and further, having regard to Jowett's opinions, and the somewhat indiscreet line taken by some of his friends, who insisted on making the increase a kind of personal testimonial, that the Professorship, not the Professor, should be endowed. From Pusey's point of view such a line was both consistent and liberal; and many who have considered his action in this matter very much the reverse, will here find reason to alter that opinion. We do not say that Pusey took the best course; but the course he did take was perfectly straightforward, and remembering the then requirements of the University statutes, by no means unreasonable.

Next comes the "Essays and Reviews" hurly-burly. Pusey joined hands with the Evangelicals and their leader, his relative Lord Shaftesbury, against the new critics of that day; and his "Lectures on the Book of Daniel" formed his contribution to the controversy. The biographers speak highly of the learning and research displayed in this volume, and excuse Pusey's strong language by contending that the "Essays" represent "an earlier and cruder form" of the critical school, which has changed its tone for the better since 1864. No doubt; but what do the writers think that Pusey would have said of Dr. Driver's "Introduction to the Pentateuch," or Canon Cheyne's "Psalter"? We confess to some misgiving; did the writer of this passage feel that Pusey's position in the old controversy was not at one with his own in respect to the questions of to-day?

Yet Pusey's attitude towards science gives ground for hope that the old man would not have been wholly irreconcilable. At his age it was scarcely to be expected that he could keep pace with the swift advance of physical science. But he carefully read all he could get hold of on the subject of evolution; and one of his last sermons, delivered for him by Dr. Liddon—that which he called, with his usual clumsiness of phrase, "Unscience, not science, adverse to faith"—is a very remarkable and indeed a memorable utterance. Like his disciple Liddon, Pusey had a *Latin mind*, which accounts for much of the strength, and most of the weakness, of the man. His dislike of the Revised Version of the New Testament is characteristic.

With his chivalrous championship of the ritualist clergy it is difficult not to sympathise. He was no ritualist himself, even disliking elaborate externalism of worship; but when he saw earnest and hard-working clergymen, who had the support of their congregations, thrown into prison or deprived for wearing a vestment or turning eastward, while men who seemed to him to deny portions of the Christian faith were honoured and promoted, he could not but throw the weight of his influence and character upon the side of the persecuted school. It has been truly said that the only reputation which can suffer from this record is that of the man chiefly responsible for the persecution—Archbishop Tait. We are inclined to think that his brother Archbishop, Thomson of York, was really more responsible for it than he, though he was less prominent. In any case, it is well known that Tait lived to confess that he had made a great mistake, and that as a fact Pusey had been right all along.

What we must admit we find new is the singular sweetness and gentleness of Pusey's personality re-

vealed in this biography. Those who only knew him as a controversialist, or a leader in polemical warfare, were and are apt to think of him as a fierce and narrow bigot. Something of the same kind might be said, *mutatis mutandis*, of F. D. Maurice, who never spared hard blows in controversy. Yet of both leaders no impression could be more mistaken. Each was among the most kindly and even extravagantly humble of men: witness Pusey's refusal to allow his portrait to be painted for the hall of Christ Church, and the grotesque caricature which now hangs on its walls as a result. It is not Sir W. Richmond's fault; but Pusey's own. A word must be added in warm commendation of Mr. Falconer Madan's most excellent bibliography, at once a testimony to his own industry and to that of Pusey. We understand that a supplementary volume of letters is to appear; we cannot think that it can add anything to the portrait of this great ecclesiastic as it is presented in these vivid and vigorous pages; though some more popular and less voluminous memoir of Pusey would seem to be imperatively required.

CONDENSED BIOGRAPHY.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"Chambers' Biographical Dictionary. The Great of all Times and Nations." Edited by David Patrick and Francis Hinde Groome. London and Edinburgh: Chambers. 1897.

THIS is a kind of Liebig's extract of biography. An age which could confer a baronetcy on the man who taught it to take its intellectual food in dribbles, such as "Tit-Bits," will of course welcome a work which does its great men up in little packets, or pills, to be taken when the reader feels so disposed. Seriously speaking, we wish we could see a *raison d'être* for this work; then we might applaud with conscientiousness the result of the wide and indefatigable labours of the editors. But our difficulty is this: there are already in existence a great number of books constructed upon somewhat similar lines, while the number of biographical dictionaries which deal at length with important names, and names worth preserving, is legion. For instance, "Chambers's Encyclopædia" itself—one of the best books of its kind published during the present century—gives brief but excellent memoirs of all the distinguished men in history; and as for those who have no permanent claim to remembrance, why resuscitate them to vex the souls of readers who cannot possibly overtake a tenth part of the literature which is constantly pouring from the press? Why not let all those persons who sprang up as mushrooms die as mushrooms?

Exploring now "the great of all times and nations"—as indicated on the title-page—here are a few *complete* biographies which are representative of numberless others,—

"ARFE, Juan de (1535-c. 1603), a Spanish carver.

"ASH, John (c. 1724-79), lexicographer and Baptist minister at Pershore.

"BRYCE, James (1806-77), geologist, was a school-master in Belfast and Glasgow.

"BUSH, Joseph, Wesleyan minister, was born at Ashley, near Spilsby, Lincs., 8th March, 1876.

"CLADET, Leon (1835-92), a French novelist, born at Montauban.

"HEBERDEN, William (1710-1801), a London physician, like his son William (1767-1845).

"HUDSON, William (c. 1730-93), a London apothecary and botanist, born at Kendal.

"LUTTRELL, Henry (c. 1765-1851), a London wit.

"RIETSCHEL, Ernst (1804-61), Dresden sculptor.

"SALT, William (1805-63), Staffordshire antiquary, was a London banker.

"SEYFFERT, Moritz (1809-72), Latin scholar, was born at Wittenberg and died at Potsdam.

"TORREY, John (1796-1873), botanist and chemist, was born and died at New York.

"WEGSCHEIDER, Julius Aug. Ludwig (1771-1849), a Halle rationalistic professor of theology."

Is it possible that there exists a person to whom such information as this is of the slightest possible use or service whatsoever? And if such men are worthy of a place in a biographical dictionary, then tens of thousands

of others might well be included. We must say that hundreds of names in this volume could well have been spared, and the space devoted to filling in the skeletons of far better men, respecting whom information is very scanty.

To such memoirs as the following we have no objection, as they give the origin of popular sayings and phrases,—

"HOBSON, Thomas (c. 1544-1641), the rich Cambridge carrier, who let no one pick and choose in his livery stables—hence 'Hobson's choice'—and whom Milton immortalised.

"PINCHBECK, Christopher (c. 1670-1732), a London clockmaker and constructor of automata, invented the alloy of copper and zinc called by his name."

To biographies of which the following is a sample we have a special form of objection,—

"BARNBY, Sir Joseph (1838-96), musician, was born at York, and knighted in 1892."

Everybody who knows the name of Sir Joseph Barnby is well aware that he was a musician, but to make this notice of the least value, the titles of his principal works, &c., should have been given. So with men of all walks in life.

We fully recognise that a great deal of labour and research have been expended upon this dictionary; but if a large number of the individuals had been ruthlessly slaughtered, there would have been the less need to starve the worthier men. As for living notabilities, we find men who have done a little journalistic work included, while men who have added permanently to the literature of their country, or rendered conspicuous service in other directions, have been excluded.

THE PUPILS OF PETER THE GREAT.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"The Pupils of Peter the Great. A History of the Russian Court and Empire from 1697 to 1740." By R. Nisbet Bain. Westminster: Constable. 1897.

MR. NISBET BAIN has given us a spirited sketch of an important period of Russian history—a task for which he was well qualified by his studies of the Courts of Northern Europe during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The veil is lifted in this volume on much that is degrading in the personal life of sovereigns and their associates, as well as upon what is tortuous and unworthy in the diplomacy of their time. It has been Mr. Bain's endeavour to follow out, step by step, the early development of the modern Russian State from the latter years of Peter the Great to the death of his niece—the Tsaritsa Anne. His authorities are numerous and trustworthy, and he does not overestimate the value of his own work when he hopes that serious political and historical students will find much in the volume to reward their attention and awaken their interest, while there is also much to gratify the curious scrutiniser of men and manners.

After a brief but graphic survey of Russia in the seventeenth century, our author shows how Peter the Great transformed and imperialised the whole system of government, and caused the old Tsardom of Muscovy to disappear in the new Empire of Russia. Peter's pupils were for the most part men of rapacity, greed, sensuality, and cruelty. There was the stingy Golovkin, who had never been known to give a banquet within living memory, yet at length "was safely delivered of a great feast" given to the Tsar, who was so badly entertained that he fell asleep immediately after the affair. Then there was Menshikov, whose greed and extortion were phenomenal. Yet these, and others of a similar kidney, managed to achieve some great results for Russia. Contrasting the character of Peter the Great himself with Charles XII., Mr. Bain says,—

"For all his noble qualities, Charles proved a scourge to his country, and in all probability his sudden death alone saved her from utter destruction, whereas the base and brutal Peter rescued his country from barbarism, and laid the foundations of the largest and strongest empire in the world. But, in point of fact, Charles was quite deficient in that sense of public responsibility which is the chief virtue of a good ruler. . . .

Peter, on the other hand, dedicated himself from first to last to the service of his people. His political ideal was a new, a civilised Russia, and to the realisation of this ideal he devoted himself with an enthusiasm and a single-mindedness that have never been surpassed. That his sanguine over-eagerness often led him into serious blunders is undeniable, that his methods were frequently cruel, and even scandalous, is only too true; but his aim was a lofty one, and even if he had only striven to attain it and failed, he would still have deserved the name of Great."

Catherine I., his widow and successor, was described by Solovev as "one of those persons whom every one considers capable of governing till they have begun to govern." Mr. Bain shows that this epigram was unjust except as regards the last six months of her reign, when she was seriously ill. Generally, as the French minister Campridon remarked, she united to a masculine courage all the intelligence necessary for a sovereign. An odd scene took place in Catherine's ante-chamber while she was dying amidst the sobs and cries of her ladies,—

"Count Devier, who was waiting there amongst the mourners, suddenly scandalised every one by beginning to laugh and conduct himself in a most unseemly manner. He whispered something to the little Grand Duke, whom he took and dandled upon his knee, joked with the lacqueys, told the Tsarevna Anne, who was weeping close by, that she had better have a glass of wine instead of blubbering, and ended by taking the weeping Sophia Skovronskaya, the Empress's niece, round the waist, as if he were about to dance a jig with her. Menshikov, well aware that Devier was one of the Tolstoy faction, and his own personal enemy, skilfully seized this opportunity of suppressing the whole party."

The reign of Peter II. was notable for the absolute power of Menshikov and his final downfall; for the general demoralisation in political affairs and the decay of the Russian fleet; and for the rise and supremacy of the Dolgorukis. There was something pathetic in the death of Peter II. In his delirium he would frequently exclaim, "Get my sledge ready, get my sledge ready! I want to go to my sister," oblivious of the fact that the noble Grand Duchess Natalia had already preceded him to the land of shadows. Peter died at the age of fourteen; he had precocious gifts, and his premature death cut short a career of rare promise. His successor was Anne, duchess of Courland, a daughter of Peter the Great's elder brother, the weak-minded Ivan V. Like so many of her sex in the Imperial family, Anne was at one period given to intriguing with favourites. Luxury and extravagance prevailed throughout the whole Court, and £200 of English money was not considered exorbitant for a courtier's suit of clothes. On the whole, however, Anne's reign was most beneficial to Russia. She did the best she could for her people, and most of her measures were sound, well matured, and stable. The war of the Polish Succession and the First Crimean War occurred during her reign.

This historical treatise is of undoubted interest and value, its materials having been carefully collected and sifted, and skilfully handled.

THE BLACKHEATH GOLF CLUB.

"Chronicles of Blackheath Golfers, with Illustrations and Portraits." Edited by W. E. Hughes, late Hon. Secretary of the Royal Blackheath Golf Club. London: Chapman. 1897.

MR. HUGHES has compiled a handsome volume from the available records of this famous Club, a volume which will be valued by all who play the game at Blackheath or elsewhere. The Blackheath Golf Club is the oldest in England, if not in the whole world, and the volume forms a worthy record of so historic a society. There is no trace of the origin of the Club, but it is known that it existed as far back as 1608, and that King James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland "played golf on the heath with some of his courtiers when the Court was at Greenwich;" but there is no written evidence of the Club's existence prior to 1787, although there are possessions showing

the society flourished in 1766. Mr. Hughes deals first with the Knuckle Club, and the Blackheath Winter Golf Club—each of which was a sort of complement of the Blackheath Golf Club—giving extracts from the minutes and other records. These take up but a small space in the volume, the rest being devoted very fully to the history of the Blackheath Golf Club proper. The book is furnished with about thirty full-page illustrations and portraits, several of which are reproduced in photo-gravure from oil paintings in the Club's possession. There are many pages of extracts from the old minute books and records, and these form very amusing reading. It is a work all Blackheath golfers will doubtless possess, and one that should be in the library of every Golf Club in the United Kingdom.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE apparently irresponsible way in which the literary appetite is catered for is a curious study in trade ethics. For the last three months the public appetite has been gorged to satiety with every description of mental food, and now absolute starvation is the prospect for the next six weeks. Surely, if publishers could arrange dates for the issue of their important works, and avoid the perpetual clashing and crowding into narrow seasons, it would give their productions a better chance of notice and be a boon to the reviews and the general reader.

The third series of Dean Church's "Village Sermons" is to be issued immediately by Messrs. Macmillan. The discourses which form the new volume were delivered during the Dean's ministration at Whatley.

Professor Max Müller's affection for a prince is not to be repressed by public criticism. We are to have more royal reminiscences in his new volume "Auld Lang Syne," which Messrs. Longmans are issuing. There will be, besides, musical and literary memories, and a special section devoted to the study of "beggars."

Mr. Macqueen has had the happy thought of producing a popular illustrated volume on "The Fighting History of the Gordon Highlanders." The heroes of the hour will be dealt with by Mr. James Milne, who is a native of Aberdeen and an enthusiast on his subject.

The credit which Mr. Le Gallienne has been endeavouring to filch from Fitzgerald is to be further disputed by Mr. John Payne, who is giving a fresh rendering of the "Rubáiyát," under the auspices of the Villon Society. The claim of his version is that, unlike its two predecessors, it adheres to the metre of the original. Perhaps the happiest result of this competition is Mr. Arthur Pendenys' story of the book-seller who, on being asked for a copy of "Omar," offered the inquirer a volume of the "Iliad."

The opposition of the Authors' Society to any repressive measures in connexion with the threepenny discount question did not come as a surprise; the proposal was manifestly to the advantage of the publisher, and therefore was not to be entertained. The reasons given for this antagonistic policy were that the proposals would be "in restraint of free trade and a fetter on individual liberty;" and that it is "an economic question, and must be considered from a commercial point of view."

But the chief objection may perhaps be found in the concluding clause—that a combination of publishers, strong enough to dictate to the retail trade, might also be in a position to make their own terms with the authors. And then what would become of the prohibitive royalties which one hears of?

A French translation of Sir W. M. Conway's "Climbing in the Karakoram Himalayas" has been published by Messrs. Hachette, in an abridged form, with reduced reproductions of Mr. A. D. McCormick's drawings.

Mr. Frederick Hovenden, to whose book "What is Life?" reference was made last week, has had the assistance of eminent specialists in the revision of the scientific portions of his work, and the facts have been compared with the latest discoveries in physics, biology, embryology, and geology.

Over a hundred unpublished letters of Nelson's will appear for the first time in the new Life which Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. Wilson are preparing.

A biography of some importance is being published by Messrs. Macmillan in "The Life and Letters of William John Butler." It has been written and compiled by the late Dean's daughter, assisted by the Rev. V. S. S. Coles and Miss C. M. Yonge. Among the correspondence are letters from Keble, Liddon, and Wilberforce, and other clerics of note. The story largely deals with the founding and growth of the sisterhood at Wantage, which was the great work of Dean Butler's life. We also hear something of his experiences on the Continent during the Franco-Prussian War.

Considerable comment has been recently made on the publishers' practice of changing the title of a novel after it has appeared in serial form. But it should be remembered that the magazine issue and syndicating of a popular work of fiction is often an arrangement apart from the publisher, and may be detrimental to the story in volume form. He may be, therefore, pardoned for attempting to protect himself.

(For This Week's Books see page 674.)

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE.—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

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 Atlantic Monthly, The (December).
 Biographical Dictionary (D. Patrick). Chambers. 10s. 6d.
 Bookeller, The.
 Butler, William John, Life and Letters of. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.
 Cæsar's Gallic War (Books VI. and VII.). (M. T. Tatham.) Arnold. 1s. 6d.
 Century Illustrated Magazine, The (December).
 Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome, Handbook to (H. M. & M. A. R. T.) Black. 5s.
 Christmas Cards. Hills & Co.
 Christmas Cards, &c. Marcus Ward.
 Christmas Posy (Elizabeth Forrester). Beeston.
 Cochran, Lord, The Trial of, before Lord Ellenborough (J. B. Atlay). Smith Elder. 12s.
 Creed and Life (Rev. C. E. Beeby, B.D.). Minster Press.
 Cui Bono? (Gordon Seymour.) Richards. 2s.
 Devil in a Domino, The (Chas. L'Epine.) Lawrence Greening. 1s.
 Dolly the Romp (Florence Warden.) White. 3s. 6d.
 Elocution, The Art of (Ross Fergusson.) Lawrence Greening. 1s.
 Fair Imposter, A (Alan St. Aubyn.) White. 6s.
 Fantasias (Geo. Egerton.) Lane. 3s. 6d.
 Forum, The (December).
 France, Modern, 1789-1895 (André Lebou). Unwin. 5s.
 Gambling in Various Aspects (Joseph Parker.) Bowden.
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 Hand of His Brother, The (Edith C. Kenyon). Gay and Bird. 6s.
 Holy Gospel according to St. Luke, The (M. Ward). Catholic Truth Society. 2s. 6d.
 Houses of Sin, The (Vincent Sullivan). Smithers.
 Ideals for Girls (Rev. H. R. Haweis). Bowden. 2s. 6d.
 Indian Frontier Policy (Gen. Sir J. A. Dyer). Smith Elder. 3s. 6d.
 Indian Frontier Warfare (G. J. Younghusband). Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.
 Ireland, A Child's History of (P. W. Joyce). Longmans.
 John Leighton, Jun. (Katrina Trank). Harpers.
 London as Seen by Charles Dana Gibson. Lane. 20s.
 London, Old, Later Reliques of (Way & Wheatly) Bell. 21s.
 Lett's Diaries.
 Maitland, Sir Thomas (W. F. Lord). Unwin. 5s.
 Mangan, James Clarence, The Life and Writings of (D. J. O'Donoghue). Geddes.
 Manners for Women (Mrs. Humphrey). Bowden. 1s.
 Manslaughter of Delishya, The (Merrick O'Reilly). Roxborough Press.
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 Mercure de France (December).
 Millet, J. F., and Rustic Art (H. Naegely). Stock.
 Mills of God, The (Francis H. Hardy). Smith Elder. 6s.
 My Sister Barbara (Lady Poore). Downey. 1s.
 Naval and Military Magazine (December).
 Nurse Adelaide (Belton Otterburn). Digby Long. 6s.
 Old Virginia and Her Neighbours (2 vols.) (John Fiske.) Macmillan. 16s.
 Pau (Rose Haig Thomas). Bliss, Sands. 6s.
 Parents' Review (December).
 Pickwickian Manners and Customs (P. Fitzgerald). Roxborough Press.
 Poems of a Country Gentleman (Sir Geo. Douglas). Longmans. 3s. 6d.
 Portuguese Rita (M. P. Gumaraens). Digby Long. 1s.
 Quartier Latin, The (December).
 Queen Almanack, 1898, The.
 Rock-Climbing in the English Lake District (O. G. Jones). Longmans. 15s.
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 Shakespeare, The Light of (Clare Langton). Stock.
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" Transport	...	314 0 3
" Milling	...	2,232 6 2
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" General Charges	...	3,811 14 5
" Mine Development	...	425 6 11
" Profit for Month	...	£20,275 5 1
		20,522 10 3
		£40,797 15 3
By Gold Accounts—	REVENUE.	Value.
" 6,678 845 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill	...	£28,177 5 4
" 3,012 568 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Cyanide Works	...	12,620 10 0
9,691 413 ozs.	...	£40,797 15 4
The Tonnage mined for month was	...	19,029 tons.
Add quantity taken from stock	...	350 "
Less waste rock sorted out	...	19,379 "
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Milled Tonnage	...	16,344 "

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It includes eleven proved gold mines, located consecutively upon one large lode or reef of gold-bearing quartz, and extending together a total distance of about two and three quarter miles; equal to an area of 1395 acres for the mines alone, besides the adjoining ground.

The mines are on the slope of a high mountain, and rise up over 2000 feet from the bottom to the top of the mountain.

The lode or reef is 100 feet wide at the bottom of the mountain, and varies in width as it rises up, being in places 60 feet, 45 feet, 80 feet, and 100 feet wide.

The mines are developed by numerous deep tunnels and open cuts, which expose and cross-cut the lode in some twenty-five to thirty different places from the bottom to the top of the mountain.

The deepest tunnel cuts the ore at a depth of about 300 feet below the outcrop, and the great strength and persistency of the lode, together with the geological conditions, show that the ore continues down into the earth to unknown depths.

Abundant water power exists by which to work the property in a large way at small expense. A canal or ditch some two miles long has been constructed and is now carrying the water, which has a fall perpendicularly of 418 feet direct upon the site for the battery at the bottom of the mountain, and supplies sufficient power to operate 250 stamps day and night.

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Labour of the best kind—good, strong, steady mountain men—is cheap and abundant.

Messrs. Bainbridge, Seymour & Co., the well-known mining engineers, of London, have made a thorough examination and report upon the mines, and every detail in regard to the property is fully explained and described in their report. The examination of the property was made by Mr. Cox of said firm *in person*. Previous to Mr. Cox's inspection, the property was examined and reported upon by Mr. Thomas W. Reece, mining engineer, of California, who has for many years past been United States Government Deputy Mineral surveyor for that State.

Since the above reports the property has again been examined and reported upon by Mr. William S. Edwards, Mining and Consulting Engineer and Mine Manager, London and San Francisco.

The available supply of ore is computed by Messrs. Bainbridge, Seymour & Co., at 10,000,000 tons, and by Mr. Reece at 11,000,000 tons, although he feels perfectly assured there is more than twice that quantity; while Mr. Edwards states: "I make no estimate of the quantity of ore available, because the figures could be made so large that they could hardly be conceived." Being above water level the ore can be obtained without sinking, pumping, or hoisting; and the quantity estimated should last from 50 to 100 years on the footing of 250 stamps working continuously; at the end of that time the question of sinking or following the ore down into the earth, as in ordinary mining, may be considered.

The reports of Messrs. Bainbridge, Seymour & Co., and Mr. Edwards before referred to, practically agree upon the average value of the ore at about eight dollars gold—say £1 12s.—per ton from working tests, half in free gold and half in sulphurets, whilst Mr. Reece values the free gold at 16s. per ton, besides auriferous sulphurets of undetermined value.

The ample water-power and the elevated position of the ore insure *extremely low working expenses*; and the reports agree that about 1.35 dols. (say 5s. 6d. per ton) will cover all expenses when in full operation.

Messrs. Bainbridge, Seymour & Co., point out that if the profit of working be put at three dollars per ton, with 250 stamps, and an annual crushing of 300,000 tons, the returns would equal £120,000 per annum, which is equal to about 30 per cent. per annum upon the share capital of the Company.

Mr. J. J. Crawford, the Official State Mineralogist, also visited the mines and took thirty-eight sacks of ore from different parts, which he sent for assay to Mr. L. F. Falkenau, the Official State Assayer. The results gave an average of about one ounce of gold per ton, as per his certificate received.

Since then one hundred sacks of ore from different parts of the mines have been shipped by Mr. L. M. Hoefler for assay to Messrs. Johnston, Matthey & Co., of London, Assayers to the Bank of England. The results obtained by them give an average of 1 oz., 4 dwts., 5 grs. per ton, as per their certificate received.

These results are considerably higher than the average value given by the engineers, and, therefore, serve to show the very conservative and practical manner in which the property was sampled, and milling tests obtained by Messrs. Bainbridge, Seymour & Co., and Mr. Reece and Mr. Edwards.

The cash capital required to put the property in full operation with 250 stamps, as shown in detail in Messrs. Bainbridge, Seymour & Co.'s report, is £70,000; and the working capital above referred to will be available for this purpose. This sum includes all expenses until the mines are fully equipped, although the total amount may not be required at the outset.

The purchase price of the entire property, as described below, has been fixed by the Vendor at £250,000, payable as to £116,000 in shares of the Company, and the balance in shares or cash, or partly in shares and partly in cash at the option of the Directors.

The Vendor pays all expenses down to allotment of the shares. The property will be held direct by this Company under United States Government patents or through the shares of a local corporation.

When on a visit to California some years ago, Mr. Charles Edward Ertz succeeded in making a combination among all the local owners, by which the entire property was secured; since then he has been out again several times to re-examine it during the development work, and has expended a large amount of time and money in connection with the business for which he is to be compensated through the Vendor. Mr. Ertz also agrees to go out again and overlook the work on the spot until the mines are in full operation.

The Contract for the sale of the property is dated the Fifth day of October, 1897, and made between L. M. Hoefler of the one part and C. F. Hawkins, as Trustee for and on behalf of the Company, of the other part. This is the only contract entered into to which the Company is a party. There may be other existing agreements, however, which may technically come within the meaning of Sec. 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, but in order to prevent any question, applicants for shares must be deemed to have notice thereof, and to waive any further compliance with that section than is herein contained.

The statements in this Prospectus respecting the property are based upon the above-mentioned Reports of Messrs. Bainbridge, Seymour & Co., Mr. T. W. Reece, and Mr. W. S. Edwards, the originals of which reports, together with maps and plans of the Mines, can be seen at the Company's Office.

A settlement on the London Stock Exchange will be applied for in due course.

Application for shares should be made on the enclosed form to the Company's Bankers, accompanied by the amount of the deposit, 2s. 6d. per share.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or of the Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors.

The properties to be acquired may be enumerated as follows:—

1. The Ohio Point Quartz Mine ... about 1300 ft. long by 600 ft. wide.
2. The Dude Quartz Mine ... " 500 " " 600 "
3. The Brooks Quartz Mine ... " 1500 " " 600 "
4. The Byers Quartz Mine ... " 1500 " " 600 "
5. The Joe Quartz Mine ... " 1500 " " 600 "
6. The Hallsted Quartz Mine ... " 1500 " " 600 "
7. The Rich Gulch Quartz Mine ... " 1500 " " 600 "
8. The Scheiser Ravine Quartz Mine ... " 700 " " 600 "
9. The Patton Quartz Mine ... " 1000 " " 600 "
10. The Lewis Quartz Mine ... " 1500 " " 600 "
11. The Summit Quartz Mine ... " 1500 " " 600 "
12. A large and well-constructed ditch or canal, about 2 miles long, for conveying water from Rush Creek to the Battery Site, where it will have a fall of 400 feet sufficient to drive all the Machinery.
13. The prior right to a 1000 miner's inches of the water of Rush Creek; (500 inches being estimated sufficient to drive 250 Stamps).
14. A Reservoir site embracing 330 acres of land at the head waters of Rush Creek, for the purpose of storing a reserve supply of water.
15. A well-constructed dam, at the Reservoir, some 700 feet wide and 40 feet high.
16. A tract of alluvial and timber land adjoining the Mines and running parallel with them on the north-east side; in area about 130 acres.

London, December 7th, 1897.

The Subscription List will be opened on Monday, the 13th December, and close on or before Wednesday, 15th December, for Town, and the following day for Country Applications.

COOMBE, WOOD & COMPANY, LIMITED.

(INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES ACTS, 1862 to 1893.)

Capital, £160,000, divided into £80,000 Seven per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, and 80,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, one-third of which have been applied for and will be allotted to the Vendors.

The remaining 53,334 Preference Shares and 53,334 Ordinary Shares are now offered for subscription, of which, however, applications for 10,300 Preference Shares, and 14,700 Ordinary Shares have been received before the issue of this Prospectus.

The Preference Shares will be cumulative as to dividends, and preferential both as to dividends and capital, and under the Articles of Association the holders of Preference Shares will be entitled in priority to be paid off at a premium of 25 per cent. in any distribution of assets in the event of any amalgamation of the Company's undertaking with that of any other Company.

There are no Debentures, and none can be issued without the consent by resolution of the Preference Shareholders.

The Shares are payable as follows:—2s. 6d. per Share on application; 7s. 6d. on allotment; 5s. on February 15th, 1898; 5s. on April 15th, 1898.—£1. Or the whole amount may be paid up on allotment, under discount at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

DIRECTORS.

The Right Hon. Lord Wenlock, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E. (late Governor of Madras and Chairman of the Jarrahdale Jarrah Forests and Railways, Limited).

James Martin (Director of the Jarrahdale Jarrah Forests and Railways, Limited, and late Chairman of the Great Southern Railway—recently sold to the Government of W.A.).

Alan Gardner, J.P., D.L. (Director of the Jarrahdale Jarrah Forests and Railways, Limited).

E. J. Halsey (Director of the Pacific Borax and Redwood's Chemical Works Company, Limited).

*Ernest E. Rogers, Perth, W.A.

*Thomas Coombe, Perth, W.A.

*James Coombe, Kalgoorlie and Perth, W.A., Managing Director.

* Being interested in the Sale, will join the Board after allotment.

BANKERS.

Lloyds Bank Limited, 72 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

Sutton, Ommannay & Rendall, 3 and 4 Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

BROKERS.

Buckler, Norman & Gower, 11 Angel Court, London, E.C., and Stock Exchange.

Hirst, Turner & Tennant, 5 East Parade, Leeds, and Stock Exchange.

AUDITORS.

Ford, Rhodes & Ford, 81 Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Ford, Rhodes, Ford & Co., National Mutual Buildings, Perth, W.A.

SECRETARY.

Charles Eves, F.C.A.

OFFICES.

50 Gresham Street, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

The Company is formed for the purpose of acquiring as a going concern the business of Messrs. Coombe, Wood & Co., of Perth, W.A., and amalgamating with it the business of Messrs. James Coombe & Co., of Kalgoorlie.

Messrs. Coombe, Wood & Co. are the owners of large Freehold Steam Joinery Works and Moulding Mills at Perth, and in connection therewith an extensive business is carried on in the import and export of Timber and other building materials, while Messrs. James Coombe & Co. carry on a similar business at Kalgoorlie, in the heart of the principal mining district of Western Australia, and in direct railway communication with Messrs. Coombe, Wood & Co.'s Mills at Perth. During the last year the firms dealt in over 4,000 loads of Jarrah wood for local purposes.

The businesses, though only recently established, have developed with great rapidity—the turnover having more than doubled during the last twelve months. With the view, therefore, to meet the continuing increase of trade, the present Company is formed.

As it is believed that this Company can work in harmony with the Jarrahdale Jarrah Forests and Railways, Limited, with beneficial results to both Companies, three of that Company's Directors have been invited to and have joined the Board of this Company.

The property of Messrs. Coombe, Wood & Co. consists of some 3½ acres of freehold land in the business portion of Perth, fronting the main Western Australian Railway for a distance of 273 feet, and with important frontages to Water Street, Brown Street, Lord Street, and Lime Street. Upon this property stands the Machinery Mill, fitted with Stationery Engine and Boiler, Planing and Moulding Machines, Circular Saws, Lathes, &c.

Additional and improved machinery has recently been added for the purpose of increasing the capacity of the sawing and manufacturing plant, as the original plant was unable to keep pace with the increasing business. A Railway siding has also been constructed upon the property, which has effected a large saving in the carting in and out of Timber.

The Property of Messrs. James Coombe & Co. consists of a freehold quarter-acre Lot in Eagan Street, Kalgoorlie, together with the balance of a term of lease of nearly two-thirds of an adjoining Lot. Upon the Freehold portion of this property, Offices, Stores, and spacious Buildings have been erected, with Engines, Saw Mills, and the necessary machinery for the purpose of carrying on the business.

The books of the two firms have been examined by Messrs. Ford, Rhodes & Co., of Perth, W.A., and London, and the following is a copy of their certificate:—

81, Cannon Street, London, E.C.,
7th November, 1897.

To the Directors of

COOMBE, WOOD & CO., LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—In accordance with instructions, we have examined the books of Messrs. Coombe, Wood & Co., of Perth, and Messrs. James Coombe & Co., of Kalgoorlie, Western Australia, for the year ended August 28th and September 30th, 1897, respectively, and find the combined profits of the businesses to be £19,014.

In arriving at the above figures no allowance has been made for the services of the present proprietors as Managers, or for interest on capital or loans.

Yours faithfully, FORD, RHODES, FORD, & CO.

The commercial development of Western Australia begun only a few years back, when English capital was introduced, principally in connexion with the mining industries. Few businesses of importance are therefore of long standing. This one, although only recently established, has had so rapid an expansion since its commencement that the advantages of additional capital and consolidation should greatly increase the profits in the future. Taking, however, the profits of the businesses for the last year as

a basis, and without taking into consideration the rapid expansion of the businesses, and the advantages to be derived from the introduction of further working capital, and we have an income of ... £19,014

To pay the Preference Interest of Seven per Cent. on £80,000 will take	£5,600
To pay Twelve per Cent. on the £80,000 of Ordinary Shares will take	9,600
	<u>£15,200</u>

Leaving for Management, Reserves, &c.	£3,814
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The purchase price to be paid to the Vendors for the whole of the above-mentioned properties, businesses, and goodwill, together with the stock-in-trade as it stood at the 31st day of August, 1897 (the Vendors retaining their Book Debts), and the benefit of the trading since that date, is £129,200, the Vendors applying for and taking an allotment of one-third of the Ordinary and Preference Shares, thus investing in the Capital of the Company the full amount permitted by the rules of the London Stock Exchange.

The purchase includes £30,700 worth of stock, which, together with the £30,800 of capital raised in addition to the purchase price (making together £61,500), will constitute the liquid assets or working capital of the new Company, and as the business and properties will be handed over free from all liabilities, a very considerably increased trade may be anticipated.

Mr. James Coombe has entered into a Contract to act as Managing Director of the Company for a term of five years, while Mr. Thomas Coombe will join the Board as a Resident Director in Perth for a period of at least three years.

The following contracts have been entered into: Contract for purchase dated 6th day of December, 1897, between James Coombe of the one part and the Capital Share and General Guarantee Company, Limited, of the other part; Contract for purchase of same date, between Thomas Coombe and William Wood of the one part and the said Capital Share and General Guarantee Company, Limited, of the other part; Contract dated 8th day December, 1897, between the Capital Share and General Guarantee Company, Limited (the Vendor to the Company) of the one part and the Company of the other part for the re-sale of the properties acquired (under above Contracts) at a profit.

Under the last Contract the Vendor has agreed to pay all the expenses of the formation of the Company up to the allotment of Shares.

There are other agreements or arrangements in existence (to which this Company is not a party) with regard to the formation of the Company and the guaranteeing of the Capital, and these may constitute Contracts within the meaning of the 38th Section of the Companies Act, 1867. There are also various trade agreements and business engagements. Applicants for Shares shall be deemed to waive the insertion of the dates of and names of the parties to any such arrangements, agreements, or Contracts, and in order to prevent any question shall accept the foregoing as a sufficient compliance with Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

The above-mentioned Contracts, the Accountants' Certificate, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association can be seen by applicants for shares at the offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

It is intended to apply for a Stock Exchange quotation.

Applications for shares should be made on the forms accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Bankers of the Company, with remittance for the amount of the deposit.

If the whole amount applied for be not allotted, the surplus paid on deposit will be appropriated towards the amount due on allotment. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for shares may be obtained at the offices of the Company or at the offices of its Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors or Auditors.

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